THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER NOW READY

SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Last week I was subpœnaed as a witness in a case of indecent assault. This general statement might lead people to believe that I had been present or knew something about it, which was not the case. I will admit that when asked to give evidence the thought of how it would sound made me for a moment unwilling to be in any way identified with such a disagreeable process. Even the name of the thing, the summons which was the Queen vs. ——, seemed disgusting and disreputable. Yet here was a man that I had known for several years, a thoroughly well behaved and decent fellow, who was accused by a woman of having assaulted her in his office. Under the law he had no power to give evidence. The affair took place on a Saturday afternoon when his employees were all absent, and as a matter of fact it was her word against his reputation. All I was asked to do was to say what kind of a man he was, and as I had some opportunities of knowing, after I got over the first shiver of repugnance I was glad to go up and say that I had never heard any evil of him. All he could do in self-defence was to ask those who knew him to testify as to his general reputation.

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I had to sit all day long in the court waiting for my turn to give evidence. The room was crowded; it always is when such cases are being considered. Though I was a stranger to the people I wondered if they were quite sure as to who was the defendant in this matter. The name of the thing, the curious looks, the laugh that went around when a particularly salacious piece of evidence came out all grated upon me, principally I suppose because I feared I might be suspected of being the prisoner, for the lawyers and all about the table where I sat were my friends and I had good opportunity of being suspected of being unfortunately prominent in the case. This sort of thing—which perhaps I may exaggerate in describing, yet which is but a reflex of my feeling at the time—led me to put myself in the prisoner's place, and it might be a good thing for everybody, men and women, to imagine themselves, through a half a column, to be in a similar predicament. The thought in this matter is not a pretty one; the great, central, swaying, damning idea is very unbeautiful and repugnant, but its existence makes occasional reference to it absolutely necessary.

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When we view one another each observer wonders how good the other may be, occasionally suspecting that fortuitous circumstances conceal many peccadilloes, and luck many more serious sins. When anybody makes a charge, even of a gossipy sort, people are all ready to listen. At a Dorcas society meeting a woman may shrug her shoulders and start that which may ruin the reputation of her most intimate friend. In a club, a man may sit severely silent and but once make a cat-like lifting of his eyelids and through some proneness of human nature may lead everybody who observes him to believe that he has absolute knowledge of the sin of which somebody is being accused. As I sat in the court room, with its evil smells and its unwholesome draughts, chatting with the lawyers who had a couple of reputations to defend or destroy, the pleasant face and gentle, kindly eyes of the man who was accused seemed to grow almost villainous, as seen in that evil light of suspicion. A prominent Q. C., who had dropped in from another section of the court room, remarked that he ought to conceal himself from the jury. Jokes of this sort were freely whispered about until they had their effect upon me, and I suppose the jurymen chatted in a much similar way and each joke had its reflex action on those who heard it. I tried to think how many times I had met this defendant who had asked me to give evidence as to his character. Outside of an association of a political sort I had not seen him more than a half a dozen times. I wondered if I was competent to speak of his general worth. Then I remembered that nobody in the city was kindlier or more gentle in his conversation, that I had seen him in charge of a large number of women clerks in a political committee room and they had all looked up to him with respect, that I had never heard him say an ungentle word to anybody, that he was particularly reserved and well mannered, and yet—yet! What is it makes us so apt to falter in our good opinion of people the moment a public charge is made against them?

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What I am trying to recall through my own experience to everyone who reads, is this: That even a friendly witness who has been subpœnaed to testify as to general character and reputation, cannot escape the contaminating influence of a court room where nasty things are being thought of and discussed. How horrible it must be for anyone to be unjustly accused and brought into such an atmosphere! What suffering must come to him who is the cynosure of the suspecting eyes turned upon him!

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Then I thought of the woman—and when we think of a woman we wonder that she dare brave such an investigation. "I never frequent courts; I always hated court reporting, but when I did have that task my sympathy was for the woman in the box almost invariably, though I often had to sympathize with both sides of the case. Now that a pretty woman appeared to testify that she had been used in an improper manner, I felt another qualm as to whether I was competent to speak as to general reputation.

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I have no desire to be sensational and it has always been my effort to keep my columns free from those things which may suggest vice or palliate wrong-doing, yet there is something that I ought to say about this trial and the facts brought out. The woman testified that she was aware that she was alone in the prisoner's office, that the door when closed locked itself. She admitted that without rebuke he put a screen in the window; that he took her hand, though she had seen him but once before; that this was followed by further liberties which he took with her person, yet she made no strenuous resistance, no outcry, though the window near which she sat was over King street in a most public place; that suggestions which had no right to be made were hidden beneath what was said. Yet she sat and talked after these overtures had been abandoned, with no particular reason for their abandonment that I could see, and that she then said "good afternoon" and went her way.

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Now, in this age of scandals when it is so difficult for the best people to appear clean and unspotted, it is worth while to ask in columns that are seen by the pure eyes of good women, what is the protection that a woman has from evil-minded men or from men who may become evil-minded because they imagine they see in the conduct of those who are with them, an invitation to do wrong. This is a great, big, swing-around world; the people who are ordinarily good are not always good, and the people who are sometimes bad are not always bad. Some of the kindliest natures are the most easily led astray by that cynicism which comes with a knowledge of the world's wickedness, and it must not be forgotten that a sort of an easy-going nature is quite as readily influenced to a belief as to a disbelief in the world's goodness—the individual's goodness—and may be depended upon to defend innocence as often as to tempt weakness.

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I dislike to dwell so long on a topic that is in itself intrinsically objectionable, yet I hope to place before everybody this principal point: How can a woman protect herself, when alone, from the insults or liberties of a man who is not intrinsically a thoroughbred scoundrel? These very bad men are rare, extremely rare, and like wild beasts are dangerous only to those who venture into the jungles. The men who may develop under temptation into leprous fellows, who have not a proper regard for other people, are quite numerous, and they are the ones that women must protect themselves from. It is not a difficult matter. The first advance repelled with indignation, the look that rebukes the first improper speech, the carriage of the woman, her general demeanor—everything has to do with her safety from insult. One thing always leads to another; the first improper overture invites the second, and so on, until it is hard to tell which is the sinner. I am not saying that this applies to the special case in question, but as the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty" one may feel sure that such matters were considered or else there was a general disbelief in the whole story of the occurrence. However this may be, it seemed to me a circumstance which deserved a description, for no modest woman can afford to go into a box under such circumstances it is so apparent that the cases are rare when there is a cause outside of a woman's own careless carriage and flippant manner, for any such action at law.

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For the man we have a right to reserve a little sympathy. It is easy to bring an accusation of this sort, it is hard to disprove it, for the mouth of the prisoner is closed. Everybody suspects him. As I have said, the whole court room is the critic of his personal appearance and the cruel judge of his tendencies. No matter what the verdict may be, his character is more or less tainted by an accusation which only his friends are strong-minded enough to repel. It is hard to be a man's friend under such circumstances. The world is too weak, either before or after such an accusation, to be specially friendly to such a man unless there is long acquaintance or unusual affection. Therefore it seems to me a dreadful hardship for a man to endure. Any woman who may obtain a private interview with a man may bring the most railing accusation. True enough, there are few women who will do it without some cause of complaint, and the man who is guilty of that "some cause" reaps a whirlwind where he sowed what seemed to him but a very little breeze. Yet, after all, it is hard for both man and woman and leads me to a declaration of the moral that reputations which have to be taken care of in court and revenges which are sought for at law can yield nothing but bitter fruit, and are seldom undertaken by those who have much to lose.

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As was to have been expected, the renewal of the Sunday street car agitation has warmed up the ministerial brethren and on Monday the associations, individually and collectively, denounced the innovation as a sinful thing promoted by sinful people. The aptness of this sweeping condemnation of cheap transportation on Sunday, of the people who favor it may be open to doubt, and without being unduly cynical one might be pardoned for suggesting that as the brethren make their principal fees on Sunday and street cars might come in competition with some of them, their sincerity is not above question. However, the tug of war came when the Baptist Association was asked to co-operate in a counter-petition on the ground that Sunday street cars would be a violation of the Christian Sabbath. "Christian Sabbath" seems to me to be a queer term, but it was not on the question of definition that the Baptists took issue. While objecting to Sunday street cars on economic grounds, they desired to be understood as not being opposed to them as violating any religious or scriptural enactment, save those of an economic nature. That is to say: the Baptists believe there should be a day of rest, that such a day of rest is an economic necessity, but they do not contend that Sunday is a reproduction of the Jewish Sabbath or that the laws pertaining to the latter have been re-imposed upon those who observe the former. It is a pleasure to notice that the Baptists of Toronto are disposed to pay their church taxes like other folks should, and while objecting to what seems to many people a necessity, they do not endeavor to hide themselves behind what has been asserted to be a religious law. It is a pleasure to see a church doing its work in the most liberal and advanced spirit while refusing to take advantage of obsolete laws. As soon as a church demonstrates the fact that it is self-respecting and law-abiding without being tyrannical, those who wear no religious name but who possibly may be permitted to enjoy religious impulses, find sympathy with it and are more or less strengthened in the belief that Christianity has not lost its primitive freshness and gentle worth.

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It is safe to assert that whatever differences may be found in many of the sects but recently permitted to enjoy the countenance of orthodoxy, this one virtue is common amongst them, the belief that no matter what religious people consider to be conducive to goodness or essential to salvation, they have no right by secular law to impose this upon others. The particular denomination under discussion holds that the state transcends its function when it attempts to enforce any so-called religious obligation. The theory is that each man is individually responsible for his course in matters pertaining to the relation of his soul to his Maker, and no majority of his fellow citizens, however large or however small, has any right to interfere with him in the discharge of such obligations or to compel his conscience. I have taken some pains to find out the attitude of the Baptist denomination on this question, as a means of accounting for their refusal to petition the City Council to prevent the submission of a by-law authorizing Sunday street cars. Very likely no other denomination will be stronger in their opposition, but opposition based on proper grounds is not objectionable. If it can be shown that the day of rest or a day of rest is not likely to be interfered with, we may expect all denominations not fanatically infatuated with sabbatarianism to join in the movement for increased public convenience. Indeed, when we see the Anglican and the Roman Catholic conscience-free on the subject, and many other denominations contending that it is an economic, not a religious question, the advocates of Sunday street cars have a good right to repudiate the charge that they are "sinful people in pursuit of a sinful thing."

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The municipal contest is assuming shape and the lines I suggested as those upon which Mr. Fleming would operate, are being laid down. The *News* announces with pomp scarcely justified by the procession, a number of names as amongst those who will support the real estate speculator who hopes to be our next chief magistrate. Somebody may take a notion to find out how much benefit Mr. Fleming has had from the local improvement system which has been so largely contributory to his fortune and to the city debt. I imagine that the other candidates have been misled by the quiet confidence of the Citizens' Committee, who are supporting Mr. Osler. It may be relied upon that they will have a good organization and that they are in the field to stay, and that the individual voter, instead of being herded to the polls in droves, will go there with the idea of voting for the man who will be of most use to him and of most use to the city. There is not a shadow of a doubt that the man who is most needed and most relied upon is Mr. E. B. Osler, and if society and religious and sectarian influences are capable of defeating him it will be a great many years before another man of equal ability and merit can be induced to become a candidate.

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The marriage of Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales and heir-apparent to the throne, to Princess Victoria Mary, will take place on March 10, the twenty-eighth anniversary of the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Many of the royal marriages have been unpopular in England but this one is apparently pleasing to everyone, and this is important insomuch as the wife of Prince Albert Victor will very likely be Queen of England. It cannot be entirely delightful for a royal prince to feel that he must marry to please the millions of people who are likely to be his subjects, but after all

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THE HANDSOMEST PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENT IN THE WORLD

some one must be at the head of affairs and from the difficulty we have in electing proper people to minor offices, it seems easier to have a hereditary monarch, foolish as it looks on the surface and objectionable as it is to those of strong democratic principles. Yet when people are prepared by education and married by rule to women of pleasing ability, we are much more likely to get a fit couple than is apt to be produced by a rough-and-tumble fight in which ward generalship and the votes of repeaters have so large a share. Few countries on earth have a friendlier feeling for the reigning family than is entertained by those owning allegiance to the British Government, and it is to be hoped that the Victoria who is some day to be Queen will be as good a woman as the Victoria who is Queen now.

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Poor old Dom Pedro, the ex-Emperor of Brazil, is being given a good deal of newspaper space and by this time will have had a royal funeral. When a man is dead it doesn't much matter what he has been, but it can be remembered that while he was alive he was one of the best rulers the century has produced. I remember a little story about him. When he visited these northern regions and took a trip down the Lachine rapids he manifested his knowledge of Shakespeare and his disappointment in the adventure by exclaiming: "Much ado about notching." Dom Pedro was a very clever old man, and he lost his throne by having a daughter and a son-in-law that the people suspected of being more loyal to their church than to their country.

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The interest in the Manitoba Separate School question has been re-awakened by the protest of the Bishop of Rupert's Land against the payment by members of the Church of England of public school taxes. One could hardly imagine the Anglican Bishop in the Western province to be really desirous of establishing separate schools for his denomination, for in such a sparsely populated country it would be next to impossible to have Catholic and Anglican separate schools and still find material to support public schools, unless the motto of sectarians of that locality is expressed in the language of the well known sectarian who once said "To —— with the public schools." It may be that the Bishop having a sense of humor and desiring to call attention to the absurdity of the Roman Catholic demand that public taxes shall be diverted to their sectarian use, has entered the field to make the situation more grave and attract attention to the destruction which must certainly result to the public school system of Manitoba if Roman Catholic and Anglican demands be complied with. The whole matter is going to the Privy Council, and if the Bishop of Rupert's Land is demanding separate schools merely to obtain amongst the British public more attention to the whole question, he is a friend of popular education. If, on the other hand, he is desirous of obtaining that for which he asks he is even a greater enemy to the public school system of Manitoba than Archbishop Tache, for not only will there be the broad division between Catholic and public schools but Protestantism even will be divided. So it will go. Methodists and Presbyterians will next be in the field clamoring for maintenance of their sectarian schools. The people of Canada are approaching a crisis in this matter. Formalism has obtained such a hold upon the people that nothing that is pretentious or perfunctory can be omitted from our law or practice, while that which is soul-warmed and earnest, that which is for everybody's good, that in which a common service is as much necessary as the postoffice, our school system, must be torn to pieces by men who are the basis of corrupt politics and the mouthpiece of state-protected religion.

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We can never be a truly religious people until the individual is let be religious for himself, in fact, is forced to be religious for himself if he is religious at all. If the community is to be religious in hunks and chunks and has to pray as a church and to parade as a denomination, then to educate children in religion by wholesale and to avoid individual responsibility and those tests which accompany its recognition, then we may expect to be a poor miserable imitation of a nation, whited sepulchres as religionists and lazy, unregenerated specimens as Christians. If the task be left to the individual, if secular schooling be given to the community and religious observance be the self-imposed task of him who desires to be good, out of the ill-assorted mass of humanity gathered hereabouts we may expect many distinguished and distinguishing examples of goodness and greatness, who may struggle with some prospect of success to evolve a united spirit. Out of sectarianism we may hope for nothing greater than tricksters and shysters clever at compromise and corruption. We must have in Canada a homogeneous people or our politicians will always be trucklers and tricksters, men who survive not because they are great or patriotic, large or generous, but because they are small and mean, have no strong convictions, no warm hopefulness for all mankind. This whole business is sickening. I am not too old to number myself amongst the young men of Canada, but how the heart must go out of those who have not yet passed through the winter that chills enthusiasm, when they see these divisions springing up in an already divided country! Is it any wonder that we have an exodus? Is it strange that our census shows that the natural increase of our population has escaped from our boundaries? Is it wonderful that young men abandon a country which is given over to gnawing the mangy hide and decaying bowels of sectarianism, while all that is great and glorious in patriotic endeavor and glorious purpose is being sacrificed that a few ward politicians and one-horse laymen be permitted to feed on the carcass of religion.

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The one safe rule for a state in dealing with sectarian schools is to allow all sectarians to have as many schools as they choose to support voluntarily, but to refuse them the power to compel anyone to support such schools, and on the other hand to refuse to permit the existence of such schools to constitute a reason why anyone should escape his share of the burden of supporting a public school system which every intelligent state now regards as essential to the public safety.

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The attempt to assassinate Russell Sage was one of those extraordinary and dastardly things the reason for which no one can comprehend. The Chicago bomb-throwers had a specific purpose and personally hoped to escape destruction. The man who attempted to kill Russell Sage was either a maniac or one of those strange beings, a real anarchist, a man built on the lines of the Russian nihilists, who are willing to be sent to Siberia or to suffer the knout or the noose in order to bring about a re-organization of the state. The first rumor was that Russell Sage and Jay Gould had both been assassinated. This story was the outgrowth of a belief that there is in the United States a body of men as desperate and as zealous as the nihilists, but without the same just cause. There is a general idea, and its prevalence in an undefined way cannot be denied, that the millionaire monopolist is the czar of this continent. No one with any sense believes that the way to change our economic difficulty is to assassinate those who have been successful in accumulating wealth, but there is a question that we might well ask ourselves at this point: If Russell Sage or Jay Gould, one or both, had been killed, would it be for the good of American democracy that legally they might have bequeathed their millions to their descendants? These heirs might with but ordinary ability so control railways and corporations as to practically enslave millions of people. If these great fortunes can be handed down in a social organization like that of America, is it not probable that the freedom of the individual may be swamped? We may laugh at the thought of a couple of score of rich men seizing the power of a democracy, yet is it not much more probable where self-interest and money-making marks the degradation of morals and politics and the creation of vast fortunes, to expect such a result than that monarchs may be overthrown by a military dictator who has no such opportunities of making men subservient to his wishes as are possessed by those who have absolutely in their hands the bread and butter of such an enormous number, so widely scattered and so influential at elections as can be numbered amongst the retainers of railroad and corporation potentates. If, then, out of the throes of monarchical disturbances so many dictators have arisen, why should we not expect these all-powerful millionaires to create for themselves by tariff legislation and the control of court machinery, kingdoms more powerful than that of the Medes and Persians, more lasting than those of Rome and abounding in greater wealth than that of Croesus. Legislation will some day interfere with the erection and perpetuation of these moneyed monarchies within democracies, but until then we shall go on worshipping the men who get very rich, and feeling sorry that we are not smart enough to seize the opportunities which seem to come to them unbidden but never unimproved.

DON.

Social and Personal.

Miss Sydney Tully, the well known artist, who has been for some time studying in the *salons* of Paris, returned home a few days ago.

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The marriage of Miss M. Hirschberg and the Rev. John Kemp of Grace church is arranged to take place on the last day of the year.

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Miss Milligan of Bromley House, Dovercourt road, has joined a party from New York (six in all) for a tour around the world. They sailed last week for Gibraltar, and expect to spend Christmas in Algiers.

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Miss Amelia Harris of Eldon House, London, Ont., is the guest of Mrs. Osler, 35 Avenue street.

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Mr. F. Stuart Dickey, so long and well known in Toronto society, took his departure last week for his home in New Brunswick, to the regret of his many friends.

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Miss Stewart of London, Eng., who has been for the past few days the guest of Mrs. Robin, Lakeview avenue, is now staying with Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert, Sussex avenue.

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Miss Maud Despard of Rosedale is the guest of Mrs. Macbeth of Bleak House, London.

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Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Shaw-Wood of London, Ont., have taken No. 11 Sussex avenue and intend spending the winter in Toronto.

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On Thursday of last week the Sisters of the Church, from Kilburn, London, Eng., held a sale of work in their rooms on York street. The stalls were prettily arranged with useful and ornamental articles for Christmas presents, one table downstairs being devoted to fancy work made by some of the pupils, which reflected great credit on them and their instructresses. Upstairs there was a well patronized tea and ice cream table, under the supervision of Miss Langtry and Miss Dick. During the afternoon there was an entertainment given by the pupils, consisting of fancy drill with balls, and the throwing, catching and rebounding in time to the music had a most novel effect. There was also an exceedingly pretty fan drill, the girls going through various graceful evolutions in time to their own singing of The Japanese Fan. A concert was given during the evening by various friends. Altogether it was a most successful entertainment, and we trust realized a nice sum for the furtherance of the Sisters' good work.

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A quiet, pleasant event happened at Summerville on Wednesday of this week, when Miss B. I. Shaver, eldest daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Shaver, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony with Rev. J. T. Morris, son of Mr. J. T. Morris of Whitby, at the old homestead. Rev. W. L. Hicks of Streetsville, a close friend of the family, officiated, assisted by Rev. George Washington, M. A. While Mrs. Edgar Bowles performed Mendelssohn's Wedding March, the bride, with the usual pretty timidity, entered the room. She was attired in a white brocade petticoat, bodice and court train of Henrietta, handsomely trimmed with gold gimp and lace silk lace, with the regulation veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids, Miss Emily Morris, and Miss Eva Shaver, sisters of the contracting parties, were dressed in neat frocks of white cashmere, with silk and gilt trimmings, and carried bouquets of white roses. Mr. W. E. Shaver of Toronto acted as best man, with Mr. G. Phil Morris of St. Louis, Mo., as second. After the usual responses were given the happy couple led the way to the dining room, where a tasty *déjeuner* was served by Harry Webb of Toronto. The bride's traveling dress was of gray tweed. About forty-five of the relatives and intimate friends were present. A most enjoyable evening was passed, and many beautiful presents were received. Among others were: the groom's present, elegant silver fruit dish; Mr. W. E. Shaver, best man, gold watch and chain; Mr. Phil. Morris, set of carvers in plush case; Mr. and Mrs. Frank U. Shaver, of Montreal, piano lamp; Mr. and Mrs. John Ward of Toronto, silver cake basket; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Shaver, glass berry-dish with silver stand and spoon; Miss Eva Shaver, tea set of French china; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Shaver, family Bible; Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bowles of Orangeville, handsomely mounted pickle cruet; Dr. M. H. Aikins, gold-mounted sardine dish; Mrs. G. W. Shaver, silver fruit dish; Mr. M. A. Shaver, silver-chased butter cooler and knife; Mr. and Mrs. John Watson, pickle cruet; Mr. W. J. Homuth, Wingham, Ont., silver pickle dish; Mrs. W. S. Hicks, silver sugar basin; Mr. M. W. Cook, sardine dish; Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Shaver, antique chair; Mr. L. E. Shaver, dinner cruet and salt cellar; Mr. C. O. Shaver, silver cruet; Miss Ida Watson, jardiniere; Mr. J. E. Watson, glass fruit dish; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ward, two china vases; Myria and Bruce Shaver, silver cake basket; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Shaver, bamboo table; Mrs. Homuth of Wingham, table cloth and napkins; Miss Clara Silverthrone, silver napkin ring; Mrs Wm. Watson, opal glass; Miss May Sanderson, handsome plush album; Miss Jessie Watson, Shelley's poetical works. The groom also received some valuable books.

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A very delightful German was given Thursday evening, December 3, by Mrs. Macfarlane of 300 Jarvis street, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Jackson of New York. It was danced by sixteen couples and led by Mr. J. S. King and Mrs. Jackson. Of the eleven figures many were new and original, notably the "Nickle in the Slot" and umbrella figure which was danced by eight couples at a time. The march figure which preceded supper, was one of the most effective of the evening. The favors were as pretty as cunning hands could devise and a most charming evening was spent by every one present. Mrs. Macfarlane is certainly to be congratulated on the success of the affair and great credit is due Mrs. King, the At Home, in spite of the storm, being largely attended and one of the most pleasant affairs of the season.

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For several years past Seaforth has had the reputation of being foremost in giving the leading society events of the season in Western Ontario, and she fully maintained this honor by the ball given by the bachelors and benedicts on Friday evening of last week. There were two hundred invited guests present, the surrounding towns being well represented and many coming from a distance. The hall was profusely decorated with flowers, flags and bunting, and when lighted up presented a most charming appearance. The arrangements reflected the greatest credit upon the committee entrusted with them. The ladies were not behind in their endeavors to make this festive occasion a success, for they all appeared in beautiful and costly dresses. The music was furnished by the celebrated harpers' orchestra of London and was the best yet given at any Seaforth ball. An excellent supper was served from twelve to one. The tables were most artistically arranged and presented a most pleasing and appetizing appearance. The following are the names of those who were present: Miss J. McDermid, the Misses Porter, Mr. G. A. and Miss Jackson, Miss Punchard, the Misses Watson, Dr. and the Misses McKay, Messrs. R. and H. Jackson, Mr. T. J. and Miss Stephens, Miss Nettie Ewing, Mr. H. W. Beaswick, Miss Woodfoot, Mr. A. E. Bradwin, Mr., Mrs and the Misses Killoran, Mr. James Killoran, Miss Mackrechnie, Mr. and Mrs. Banslaugh, Mr. and Mrs. Neil, Miss Buchanan, Mrs. G. E. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Coleman, Miss McIntyre, Dr. G. Franklin Belden, Mr. John Greig, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Roberts, Mrs. (Dr.) Campbell, Mr. R. S. Hays, Mr. W. R. Counter, Mr. F. W. Twiddle, Mr. Ed. Walsh, Mr. Will Prendergast, Mr. F. Holmstead, Mr. D. Devereaux, Mr. R. Jamieson, Mr. T. F. Coleman, Mr. D. J. Downey, Mr. H. B. Henderson, Mr. Clement King of Seaforth; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Roberts of Parkhill, Mr. F and the Misses Farncourt, Mr. J. R. Carling, Mr. F. Elliott of Exeter; Mr. Schofield, Mr. Morden, Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. G. Halliday, Mr. R. M. Dickson of Brussels; Mr. Kippen, Mr. S. A. Hodge, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Waterbury, Mr. F. Awty, Mr. and Mrs. Goodacre, Miss Begg of Mitchell; Mr. L. Harvatone, the Misses Harstone, Mr. G. A. Parker, Mr. John Clark of St. Marys; Dr. Shannon, Miss Elwood, Miss L. Dickson, the Misses Strachan, Mrs. and Miss Malcohnson, Mr. Dudley Holmes, the Misses Cameron, Miss Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Nagtel, Mrs. and Miss Shephard, Mr. and Mrs. Kidd, Miss J. Shannon, Mr. E. F. Garrow, the Misses Wynn, Miss Fletcher, Dr. Hunter, Mr. G. Price, the Messrs. Nairn of Goderich; Mr. and Mrs. W. Jackson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Farran, Mr. G. H. Cook, Messrs Rance, Miss Leslie, the Misses Rance, the Misses Jackson, Mr. W. J. Robertson, Mr. G. McTaggart, Mr. Barrow, Miss K. Reade, Miss H. Read, Dr. Turnbull, Mr. W. P. Spalding, Miss J. C. Gibson, Mr. W. Harland, Miss N. Fair, Mr. H. B. Combe, Miss E. Hantassel, Mr. Norman Fair, Mr. C. And Miss Middleton, Dr. J. M. Shaw of Clinton, Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson of Blyth, Mr. and Miss Duffield, Mr. and Miss Roe, Mr. and Mrs. Strathdee, Miss Houghton, Miss Patterson of Wingham, Mr. H. S. Patterson, Mr. and Miss Caven, Mr. A. M. Kay, Miss C. Roberts, Mr. W. P. Hibbard, Mr. C. S. Welsh, Mr. and Mrs. Mabee, Miss Thorold, Mr. and Mrs. Gearing, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Ferguson, Mr. W. H. Neil, Mr. Barnett of Stratford, Mr. Tanner, Mr. J. Watson, Dr. Rutherford of Listowel, Miss Black, Miss Craig, Mr. Logan of Fergus, Dr. Thompson, Mr. A. Murdock of Hensall, Mr. W. E. Davidson, Mr. W. C. McKay, Mr. C. A. Davis of Toronto, Miss Marks of Brucefield, Mr. W. G. Begg of Collingwood, Miss M. McEachern of Stayner, Mr. and Mrs. McEwen of Byron, Miss Study of Harriston, Mr. W. E. Mullin, Mr. Dunnagale of London, Mr. L. P. and Miss Coffee of Guelph, Mr. L. E. Robson of Ilderton.

*

Mrs. R. G. Dalton gave a large tea to a number of friends on Saturday at her residence, 317 Brunswick avenue.

Mrs. Kay of Wellington street gave an At Home on Saturday afternoon last.

Miss Wilkie of Sherbourne street gave a small tea to a few young friends on Saturday.

*

Mrs. William Davidson welcomed a very large number of guests to an afternoon reception on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. George Arthurs of Ravenswood gave a charming progressive euchre party followed by a dance on Monday evening last. Both tallies and prizes were extremely artistic and handsome. Among those present noticed were: Misses Bethune, Seymour, Hoskin, Beatty, Ridout, Castle, Mortimer-Clark, Macdonald, Montizambert, Dick, Cawthra, Chewitt, Green, Smith and Mrs. Torrance, and Messrs. Beverley, Robinson, Evans, Hoskin, Bozart, Griffin, Charters, Burritt, Beardmore, Cawthra, Morrow, Major Harrison and others.

*

Miss Barker of Huntley street gave a charming tea on Tuesday afternoon, December 3. Among those present were: Miss Begg of Scotland, Miss Fleming, Miss Gooderham, Miss Lulu Gooderham, Mrs. Cecil Lee, the Misses Lee, Mrs. J. Scott, Miss Scott, Miss Waldie, the Misses Dick, Mrs. Perry Beatty, Miss Burns, Miss Maggie Burns, Miss Eva Kennedy, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. White, Mrs. Greig, Miss Sinclair, Miss Parsons, Miss Bessie Parsons, the Misses Henderson, Miss Gray, Miss Clark, the Misses Ince, Miss Roberts, and the Misses Gunther.

*

It has distressed me to discover that the remark made to the effect that one of our sweetest singers, Miss Roblin, had refused to sing the National Anthem at a recent concert is quite without foundation in fact. Although I was assured by the correspondent who sent in the item that it was authentic, I intended editing it, on the principle which I follow in this column, that only personalities of an attractive and encouraging nature shall appear. Probably all Miss Roblin's friends are aware that nothing is more foreign to her nature than such a refusal, on an occasion when her best efforts had been cheerfully made for the benefit of a worthy cause and the delighting of her hear.rs.

*

Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy's dance was one of the most delightful of the season. The house was crowded with an assembly of the fashionable world of Toronto, and was further beautified with exquisite and lavish floral decorations. The gowns worn were worthy of a more extended description than space permits, being particularly *chic* and modish. Mrs. McCarthy wore dark velvet and point lace; Miss McCarthy, mauve spotted *chiffon*; Mrs. Hoskin, black velvet; Miss Kingsmill looked lovely in pale gray satin; Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, blue satin trimmed with white lace; Mrs. Crosby, handsome white brocade; Mrs. Patterson, pale blue brocade and feather trimming; Mrs. A. Langmuir, silver brocade and *chiffon*; Mrs. G. Torrance, maize color brocade with deep fringe and embroidery of black jet; Mrs. James Crowther, white bengaline with pearl trimming; Mrs. Walter Dickson, black net embroidered with silver stars and trimming of silver fringe and butterflies; Mrs. G. Toy, black lace and *chiffon*; Mrs. W. D. Gwynne, white brocade and bengaline; Mrs. W. H. Beatty, deep buttercup brocade and diamonds; Miss Beatty, pale green bengaline and *chiffon*, with gold embroidery; Miss Maud Beatty, pale mauve, spotted *chiffon* and silk, with silver embroidery; Miss Langmuir, coral pink silk; Miss Kingsmill, black lace and pink carnations; Miss Dawson, pale blue tulle; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, pale pink tulle and bengaline; Mrs. Melfort Boulton, blue brocade and embroidered *chiffon*; Mrs. Drayton, pale yellow brocade; Mrs John Cawthra, black velvet and white brocade, and white point lace; Mrs. J. K. Kerr, pale pink silk and tulle; Mrs. Arthur Brown, pale green satin and tulle, caught up with bunches of lily of the valley; Mrs. Gerald Brophy, yellow silk, the black arranged in Watteau pleats, and trimmed with gold fringe; Mrs. Henry Diggan, white silk and *chiffon*, with pink wreath; Mrs. Arnoldi, white silk and cream roses; Miss Parsons, pale yellow satin and black velvet; Miss Seymour, pink *chiffon*; Miss Sybil Seymour, pale blue tulle; Mrs. J. D. Hay, pink bengaline and *chiffon*; Miss Small, black tulle on pink; Mrs. Britton, corn color; Miss Nora Armour, white and pale blue velvet; Mrs. Douglas Armour, green silk and white lace; Mrs. H. D. Gamble, blue bengaline.

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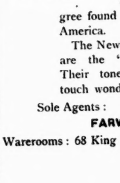

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Big and Little Folks.

SILKS show a dazzling variety in designs and colors. One that suggests autumn has a reddish-brown ground-color brocaded with variegated foliage and bramble. It would be lovely for the train of a dinner dress. The new moiresantiques in black or pale soft colors, with narrow stripes in bright blue and yellow, pink and green, or yellow and mauve, are very pretty for young ladies' dresses.

I saw also some lovely brocades. They were in soft blues, yellows, pinks and greens, with flower and scroll patterns. Silks for middle-aged wearers show a good deal of pattern and very little ground-color. One example has a black satin ground strewn with large pink flowers that look like roses and are beautifully shaded. Another in pale green is brocaded with marguerites and guelder roses. A pretty silk that would suit anybody has little silver stars and crescents on a black ground. I can imagine it being very effective at night. A beautiful white silk had large sprays of white lilac, with foliage in natural tints. Among the silks that go off well just now are those that are prismatic.

One that I saw was green in certain lights and silver gray in others. This may sound impossible, but it's true. I like the floral patterns better than the conventional ones. A white silk that showed scarcely any ground was brocaded with cornflowers, poppies, and ears of barley. It was rather pretty. Sometimes the flowers are carelessly grouped, sometimes they take the form of bouquets, and sometimes they are arranged as stripes. The mixture of red and black is perhaps rather Satanic, but it is none the less attractive on that account. A brunette with a sparkling sort of beauty looks very well in a red and black dress. There are some startling novelties in broche velvets. They are to be had in ombre effects for panels and trains. One with a pattern formed of stripes was shaded from heliotrope to gray. The new pansy net looks well draped over silk. Everything in the shape of trimming has something in it that glitters. It's nothing but iridescent beads, spangles, tinsel, and colored stones this time. Silk trimmings are out. The spangled nets are effective for dance dresses.

The prettiest party frocks for little girls are made of crepe cloth, cashmere, or soft silk. They are trimmed with lace or ribbons, and are just as simple as they should be. A dainty frock for a little maid of four or five is made on the pinafore model, and has a yoke and sleeves of white silk ornamented with fancy stitching. The rest of the dress is pink silk. Another pretty frock is pale blue crepe outlined with brown velvet. It is cut a little low at the neck and has ornamental sleeves reaching to the elbow, and three rows of gathers round the waist. I was rather taken with a dress of cream surah with blouse sleeves of lace puffed on the shoulders, a lace yoke, and a sash tied in front.

In the way of fancy dress for young gentlemen there are some very dashing costumes. The Gondolier, Thirteenth Century Flemish Page and Georgian suits are all picturesque. The first is the simplest. It is velvet, with a short jacket open in front to show a silk vest, and a broad sash tied at the side. A lady friend bought for her little boy in Paris recently the sweetest little suit that you can imagine. I have never seen anything half so taking. It is Puritanical gray and white. The full, loose vest is white, tied with cord at the neck; the deep collar is white, and the sleeves are trimmed with white at the wrists. The trowsers are short, fastened just below the knee with silver buttons, and a double row of the same buttons edge the loose gray jacket.

Two ways of dressing small boys are now in vogue. One plan adopted by many mothers is that of keeping their boys in dresses until they are three years old, then having them wear kilts with jackets until they are five or six years of age. The other plan—which is in much greater favor with the boys—is to use kilts earlier, and put little fellows of three or four years into trowsers. Kilt suits for boys of three to five or six years are of dark plaids, plain cloths, velvet, or else in combinations of these fabrics. For dressy suits plain cloth is preferred in light golden brown shades, wood-color, or dark blue. They are made with a short jacket that opens on a full blouse of linen or white silk drooping low in a puff about the waist. Cross tabs of black braid trim the front of the jacket; it has no collar, as the blouse is provided with a wide collar and cuffs. The kilt is laid in even pleats alike all around, and extends just below the knee. Some mothers prefer white drawers (over merino drawers) and a flannel skirt for very small boys to wear under kilts, but older boys wear little rowsers of plain wool matching the color of the kilt. These are short knee-breeches fastened on the sides, and buttoned to the silesia waist to which the kilt is attached. With this suit it long black stockings are worn and high buttoned shoes. Simpler kilt suits for every-day wear have longer jackets that may be cut double-breasted, or else to slope away from the throat, with or without revers, and disclose a simulated vest. The whole suit is of brown or blue check or of plain cloth, or else the jacket is of plain diagonal, and the kilt of large plaid. A standing linen collar is worn with these suits, but a wide turned-over collar with a large silk cravat bow is more boyish-looking.

Reefer jackets of rough blue cloth, warmly lined with plaid cloth, are favorite overcoats for boys. They come in the smallest sizes for little fellows in kilts and those in their first trowsers. Chinchilla-cloth reefers have regulation navy buttons of fire gilt. A tan-colored ooze-leather sailor cap and long tan-colored leather leggings reaching above the knee complete this suit. Extremely stylish English reefers are made four or five inches longer than those of last year. Cape overcoats of plaid or plain cloth for boys from three to six years have a deep military cape reaching to the wrist of the drooping arm. These can be made very dressy when of tan-colored cloth edged with beaver fur, or of blue with krimmer collar and borders. For boys of seven years are costly Russian coats of fine cloth, double-breasted, and long, with deep collar and facing of fur. They are made of light tan, golden brown, or red-brown cloth, with beaver accessories, or of dark blue, Persian lamb. A fur-trimmed turban or cap is made to match. LA MODE.

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THE CLOAK.

(From the Russian of Nikolai Gogol.)

CHAPTER I.

NECESSITY!

In the department of—but it is better not to mention the department. There is nothing more irritable than departments, regiments, courts of justice, and, in a word, every branch of public service. Each individual attached to them nowadays thinks all society insulted in his person. Quite recently a complaint was received from a justice of the peace, in which he plainly demonstrated that all the imperial institutions were going to the dogs, and that the Czar's sacred name was being taken in vain; and in proof he appended to the complaint a romance, in which the justice of the peace is made to appear as Czar in every ten lines, and sometimes in a drunken condition. Therefore, in order to avoid all unpleasantness, it will be better to designate the department in question as a certain department.

So, in a certain department, there was a certain official—not a very high one, it must be allowed—short of stature, somewhat pock-marked, red-haired and short-sighted, with a bald forehead, wrinkled cheeks, and a complexion of the kind known as sanguine. The St. Petersburg climate was responsible for this. As for his official status, he was what is called a perpetual titular councillor, over which some writers make merry and crack their jokes, obeying the praiseworthy custom of attacking those who cannot bite back.

His family name was Bashmatchkin. This name is evidently derived from *bashmak* (shoe); but when, at what time, and in what manner, is not known. His father and grandfather, and all the Bashmatchkins, always wore boots, which only had new heels two or three times a year. His name was Akaky Akakievitch. It may strike the reader as far-fetched; but he may rest assured that it was by no means far fetched, and that the circumstances were such that it would have been impossible to give him any other.

This was how it came about.

Akaky Akakievitch was born, if my memory fails me not, in the evening on March 23. His mother, the wife of a Government official, and a very fine woman, made all due arrangements for having the child baptised. She was lying on the bed opposite the door; on her right stood the godfather, Ivan Ivanovitch Erashkin, a most estimable man, who served as presiding officer of the senate; and the godmother, Anna Semenovna Byelobrushkova, the wife of an officer of the quarter, and a woman of rare virtues. They offered the mother her choice of three names, Mokiya, Sossiya, or that the child should be called after the martyr Khozdazat. "No," said the good woman, "all those names are poor." In order to please her, they opened the calendar at another place, and found more names appeared, Triphiliy, Dula, and Varakhasiy. "This is a judgment," said the old woman. "What names! I truly never heard the like. Varadat or Varukh might have been borne, but not Triphiliy and Varakhasiy!" They turned to another page, and found Vahkhiliy and Vahkhin. "Now I see," said the old woman, "that it is plainly fate. And since such is the case, it will be better to name him after his father. His father's name was Akaky, so let his son's be Akaky too." In this manner he became Akaky Akakievitch. They christened the child, whereat he wept, and made a grimace, as though he foresaw that he was to be a titular councillor.

In this manner did it all come about. We have mentioned it, in order that the reader might see for himself that it was a case of necessity, and that it was utterly impossible to give him any other name than that. How he entered the department, and who appointed him, no one could remember. However much the directors and chiefs of all kinds were changed, he was always to be seen in the same place, the same attitude, the same occupation; so that it was afterward affirmed that he had been born in undress uniform with a bald head. No respect was shown him in the department. The porter not only did not rise from his seat when he passed, but never even glanced at him, any more than if a fly had flown through the reception-room. His superiors treated him in cooly despotic fashion. Some sub-chief would thrust a paper under his nose without so much as saying, "Copy," or "Here's a nice interesting affair," or anything else agreeable, as is customary among well-bred officials. And he took it, looking only at the paper, and not observing who handed it to him, or whether he had the right to do so; simply took it, and set about copying it.

The young officials laughed at and made fun of him, so far as their official wit permitted; told in his presence various stories concocted about him, and about his landlady, an old woman of seventy; declared that she beat him; asked when the wedding was to be; and strewed bits of paper over his head, calling them snow. But Akaky Akakievitch answered not a word, any more than if there had been no one there besides himself. It even had no effect upon his work; amid all these annoyances he never made a single mistake in a letter. But if the joking became wholly unbearable, as when they jogged his hand, and prevented his attending to his work, he would exclaim, "Leave me alone! Why do you insult me?" And there was something strange in the words and the voice in which they were uttered. There was in it something which moved to pity; so much that one young man, a newcomer, who, taking pattern by the others, had permitted himself to make sport of Akaky, suddenly stopped short, as though all about him had undergone a transformation, and presented itself in a different aspect. The vision of a superior urging him from the comrades whose acquaintance he had made, on the supposition that they were well-bred and polite people, vanished before his eyes, and nothing there recurred to his mind the little official with the bald forehead, with his heart-rending words, "Leave me alone! Why do you insult me?" In these moving words, other words resounded—"I am thy brother." And the young man covered his face with his hand, and many a time afterward, in the course of his life, shuddered at seeing how much inhumanity there is in man, how much savage coarseness is concealed beneath refined and fined worldliness, and even, O God! in that man whom the world acknowledges as honorable and noble.

It would be difficult to find another man who lived so entirely for his duties. It is not enough to say that Akaky labored with zeal; no, he labored with love. In his copying, he found a varied and agreeable employment. Enjoyment was written on his face: some letters were even favorites with him, and if he encountered these, he smiled, winked, and worked with his lips, till it seemed as though each letter might be read on his face as his pen traced it. If his pay had been in proportion to his zeal, he would, perhaps, to his great surprise, have been made even a councillor of state. But he worked, as his companions, the wits, put it, like a horse in a mill.

Moreover, it is impossible to say that no attention was paid to him. One director, being a kindly man, and desirous of rewarding him for his long service, ordered him to be given something more important than mere copying. So he was ordered to make a report of an already concluded affair, to another department; the duty consisting simply in changing the heading, and altering a few words from the first to the third person. This caused him so much toil, that he broke into a perspiration; rubbed his forehead, and finally said, "No, give me rather something to copy." After that they let him copy on forever.

Outside of this copying, it appeared that nothing existed for him. He gave no thought to his clothes; his undress uniform was not green, but a sort of rusty meal color. The collar was low, so that his neck, in spite of the fact that it was not long, seemed inordinately so as it emerged from it, like the necks of those plaster casts which wag their heads and are carried about upon the heads of scores of image sellers. And something was already sticking to his uniform, either a bit of hay or some trifle. Moreover, he had a peculiar knack, as he walked along the street, of arriving beneath a window just as all sorts of rubbish was being thrown out of it; hence he always bore about on his hat scraps of melon rinds, and other such articles. Never once in his life did he give heed to what was going on every day in the street; while it is well known that his young brother officials train the range of their glances (till they can see when any one's trower-straps come undone upon the opposite sidewalk, which always brings a malicious smile to their faces. But Akaky Akakievitch saw in all things the clean, even strokes of his written lines; and only when a horse thrust his nose, from nowhere in particular, and set a whole gust of wind down his neck from his nostrils, did he observe that he was not in the middle of a page, but in the middle of the street.

On reaching home, he sat down at once at the table, supped his cabbage-soup up quickly, and swallowed a bit of beef and onions, never noticing their taste, and gulping down everything with flies and anything else which the Lord happened to send at the moment. His stomach filled, he rose from the table and copied papers which he had brought home. If there happened to be none, he took copies for himself, for his own gratification, especially if the document was noteworthy, not on account of its style, but of its being addressed to some distinguished person.

Even at the hour when the gray St. Petersburg sky had quite disappeared, and all the official world had eaten or dined, each as he could, in accordance with the salary he received and his own fancy; when all were resting from the departmental jar of pens, running to and fro from their own and other people's indispensable occupation, and from all the work that an uneasy man makes willingly for himself, rather than what is necessary; when officials hasten to dedicate to pleasure the time which is left to them, one tolder than the rest going to the theater; another, into the street looking under all the bonnets; another, spending his evening in compliments to some pretty girl, the star of a small official circle; another—and this is the common case of all—visiting his comrades on the fourth or third floor, in two small rooms with an anteroom or kitchen, and some pretensions to fashion, such as a lamp or some other trifle which has cost many a sacrifice of dinner or pleasure trip; in a word, at the hour when all officials disperse among the contracted quarters of their friends, to play whist, as they sip their tea from glasses with a kopek's worth of sugar, smoke long pipes, relate at times some bits of gossip which a Russian man can never, under any circumstances, refrain from, and, when there is nothing else to talk of, repeat eternal anecdotes about the commandant to whom they had sent word that the tails of the horses on the Falconet Monument had been cut off, when all strive to divert themselves, Akaky Akakievitch indulged in no kind of divers'on. No one could ever say that he had seen him at any kind of evening party. Having written to his heart's content, he lay down to sleep, smiling at the thought of the coming day—of what God might send him to copy on the morrow.

Thus flowed on the peaceful life of the man, who, with a salary of four hundred rubles, understood how to be content with his lot; and thus it would have continued to flow on, perhaps, to extreme old age, were it not that there are various ills strewn along the path of life for titular councillors as well as for private, actual, court, and every other species of councillor, even for those who never give any advice or take any themselves.

There exists in St. Petersburg a powerful foe of all who receive a salary of four hundred rubles a year, or thereabouts. This foe is no other than the Northern cold, although it is said to be very healthy. At nine o'clock in the morning, at the very hour when the streets are filled with men bound for the various official departments, it begins to blow such powerful and piercing nips on all noses impartially, that the poor officials really do not know what to do with their noses. Even those who are seated in their offices, who occupy exalted positions ache with the cold, and tears start to their eyes, the poor titular councillors are sometimes quite unprotected. Their only salvation lies in traversing as quickly as possible, in their thin little cloaks, five or six streets, and then stamping their feet in the porter's room, and so thawing all their talents and qualifications for official service, which had become frozen on the way.

Akaky Akakievitch had felt for some time that his back and shoulders suffered with peculiar poignancy, in spite of the fact that he tried to traverse the distance with all possible speed. He began finally to wonder whether the fault did not lie in his cloak. He examined it thoroughly at home, and discovered that in two places, namely, on the back and shoulders, it had become thin as gauze; the cloth was worn to such a degree that he could see through it, and the lining had fallen into pieces. You must know that Akaky Akakievitch's cloak served as an object of ridicule to the clerks; they even refused it the noble name of cloak, and called it a cape. In fact, it was of singular make; its collar diminishing year by year, but serving to patch its other parts. The patching did not exhibit great skill on the part of the tailor, and was in fact, bagged and ugly. Seeing how the matter stood, Akaky Akakievitch decided that it would be necessary to take the cloak to Petrovitch, the tailor, who lived somewhere on the fourth floor, up a dark staircase, and who, in spite of his having but one eye, and pock-marks all over his face, busied himself in repairing the trowsers and coats of officials and others; that is to say, when he was sober, and not nursing some other scheme in his head.

It is not necessary to say much about this tailor; but, as it is incumbent on us to give the character of each personage in a novel clearly defined, there is no help for it, so here is Petrovitch the tailor. At first he was called only Grigoriy, and was some gentleman's serf; he commenced calling himself Petrovitch from the time when he received his free papers, and further began to drink heavily on holidays, at first on the great ones, and then on all church festivals without discrimination, wherever a cross stood in the calendar. On this point he was faithful to ancestral custom; and when quarrelling with his wife, he called her a low female and a German. As we have mentioned his wife, it will be necessary to say a word or two about her. Unfortunately, little is known of her beyond the fact that Petrovitch's wife wears a mob cap and a short but cannot lay claim to beauty; at least, no one but the soldiers of the guard even looked under her cap when they met her.

Ascending the staircase which led to Petrovitch's room—which staircase was all soaked with dish water and reeked with the smell of spirits, which effects the eyes, and is an inevitable adjunct to all dark stairways in St. Petersburg houses—ascending the stairs, Akaky Akakievitch pondered how much Petrovitch would ask, and mentally resolved not to give more that two rubles. The door was open; for the mistress in cooking some fish there raised such a smoke in the kitchen that not even the beetles were visible. Akaky Akakievitch passed through the kitchen unperceived, even by the housewife, and at length reached a room where he beheld Petrovitch seated on a large unpainted table, with his legs tucked under him like a Turkish pasha. His feet were bare, after the fashion of tailors as they sit at work; and the first thing which caught the eye was his thumb, with a deformed nail thick and strong as a turtle's shell. About Petrovitch's neck hung a skein of silk and thread, and upon his knees lay some old garment. He had been trying unsuccessfully for three minutes to thread his needle, and was enraged at the darkness and even at the thread, growling in a low voice, "It won't go through, the barbarian! You pricked me, you rascal!"

Akaky Akakievitch was vexed at arriving at the precise moment when Petrovitch was angry; he liked to order something of Petrovitch when the latter was a little downhearted, or, as his wife expressed it, "when he had settled himself with brandy, the one-eyed devil!" Under such circumstances, Petrovitch generally came down in his price very readily, and even bowed and returned thanks. Afterwards, to be sure, his wife would come, complaining that her husband was drunk, and so had fixed the price too low; but, if only a ten-kopek piece were added, the matter was settled. But now it appeared that Petrovitch was in a sober condition, and therefore rough, taciturn, and inclined to demand, Satan only knew what price. Akaky Akakievitch felt this, and would gladly have beat a retreat; but he was in for it. Petrovitch screwed up his one eye very intently at him; and Akaky Akakievitch involuntarily said: "How do you do, Petrovitch?"

"I wish you a good morning, sir," said Petrovitch, squinting at Akaky Akakievitch's hands, to see what sort of booty he had brought.

"Ah! I—to you, Petrovitch, this——" It must be known that Akaky Akakievitch expressed himself chiefly by prepositions, adverbs, and scraps of phrases which had no meaning whatever. If the matter was a very difficult one, he had a habit of never completing his sentences; so that frequently, having begun a phrase with the words, This, in fact, is quite——" he forgot to go on, thinking that he had already finished it.

"What is it?" asked Petrovitch, and with his one eye he scanned Akakievitch's whole uniform from the collar down to the cuffs, the back, the tails, and the button-holes, all of which were well known to him, since they were his own handiwork. Such is the habit of tailors; it is the first thing they do on meeting one.

"But I, here, this—Petrovitch—a cloak, cloth—here you see, everywhere, in different places, is quite strong—it is a little dirty, and very old, but it is new, only here in one place it is a little—on the back, and here on one of the shoulders, it is a little worn, there on this shoulder it is a little—do you see? that is all. And a little work."

Petrovitch took the cloak, spread it out, to begin with, on the table, looked at it, shook his head, reached out his hand to the window-sill for his snuff box, adorned with the portrait of some general, though it was not known, for the place where the face should have been had been rubbed through by the finger, and a square bit of paper had been pasted over it. Having taken a pinch of snuff, Pe rovitch held up the cloak, and inspected it against the light, and again shook his head. Then he turned it, lining upward, and shook his head once more. After which he again lifted the general-adorned lid with its bit of pasted paper, and, having stuffed his nose with snuff, closed and put away the snuff box, and said finally, "No, it is impossible to mend it; it's a wretched garment!"

Akaky Akakievitch's heart sank at these words.

"Why is it impossible, Petrovitch?" he said, almost in the pleading voice of a child; "all that ails it is, that it is worn on the shoulders. You must have some pieces."

"Yes, patches could be found, patches are easily found," said Petrovitch, "but there's nothing to sew them to. The thing is completely rotten; if you put a needle to it—see, it will give way."

"Let it give way, and you can put on another patch at once."

"But there is nothing to put the patches on to; there's no use in strengthening it; it is too far gone. It's lucky that it's cloth; for, if the wind were to blow it would fly away."

"Well, strengthen it again."

"No," said Petrovitch decisively, "there is nothing to be done with it. It's a thoroughly bad job. You'd better, when the cold weather comes on, make yourself some gaiters out of it, because stockings are not warm. The Germans invented them for the express purpose of making money." Petrovitch loved, on all occasions, to have a fling at the Germans. "But it is plain you must have a new cloak."

At the word "new" all grew dark before Akaky Akakievitch's eyes and everything in the room began to whirl round. The only thing he saw clearly was the general with the paper face on the lid of Petrovitch's snuff box. "A new one!" sa'd he, as if still in a dream; "why, I have no money for that."

"Yes, a new one," said Petrovitch, with barbarous composure.

"Well, if it came to a new one, how is it?"

"You mean how much would it cost?"

"Yes."

"Well, you have to lay out a hundred and fifty or more," said Petrovitch, and pursed up his lips significantly. He liked to produce powerful effects, liked to stun utterly and suddenly any one by glance or by some new yet face the stunned person would put on the matter.

"A hundred and fifty rubles for a cloak!" shrieked poor Akaky Akakievitch, perhaps for the first time in his life, for his voice had always been distinguished for softness.

"Yes, sir," said Petrovitch, "a stay kind of cloak. If you have a marten fur on the collar, or a silk lined hood, it will mount up to two hundred."

"Petrovitch, please," said Akaky Akakievitch in a beseeching tone, not hearing, and not trying to hear Petrovitch's words, and disregarding all the "effects," "some repairs, in order that it may wear yet a little longer."

"No, it would only be a waste of time and money," said Petrovitch; and Akaky Akakievitch went away after these words, utterly discouraged. But Petrovitch stood for some time after his departure, with significantly compressed lips, and without betaking himself to his work, satisfied that he would not be dropped, and an artistic tailor employed.

(To be Continued.)

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Lunar Lore.

The spots on the moon are the cause of some queer superstitions. The Swedish peasantry explain the lunar spots as representing a boy and a girl bearing a pail of water between them, whom the moon once caught up in her horns and carried off into the heavens—a legend current also in Icelandic mythology. The Greeks say that a man and a woman stand in the moon, the man because he strewed briars on Sunday morning in the fields, the woman for making butter on the same day. The Dutch have it that the unhappy man was caught stealing vegetables. The Native of Ceylon have a hare instead of a man in the moon, the hare having achieved that high honor by jumping into a fire to roast himself for the benefit of Buddha. The Chinese represent the moon by a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. The mythological moon is figured by a beautiful young woman with a double sphere behind her head, and a rabbit at her feet. An Australian legend says the moon was a native cat, who fell in love with someone else's wife, and was driven away to wander ever since. Among the Esquimaux, the sun is a maiden and the moon is her brother; and the Khasias of the Himalaya say say that the moon falls every month in love with his mother-in-law, who throws ashes in his face, whence his spots. The Malays believe that the moon is a woman and the stars are her children; whereas in South America they cap this story by the assertion that the moon is a man and the sun is his wife.

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TEABERRY. FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.

His Mother.

The cold gray shadows of the wintry twilight had enveloped tree and meadow and sluggish forest stream in their uncertain mist, the factory chimneys flung their fury banners of smoke against the leaden sky, a *basso relievo* that would have made Rembrandt himself rejoice, and the hum of the never-ceasing machinery in the little town rose above the rush of the river, like the buzz of a gigantic insect.

Charles Emery, the day foreman in the rolling mi ls, was just retiring to his home, having born rel ved by John Eiter, the night official, and as he walked along, his feet sounding echo ng on the hard frozen earth, he whistled soft-y to himself, as light-hearted as a bird.

"You're going with us to night, Charley!" cried a gay voice, and two or three young men came by.

"Do you mean——!"

"I mean to the opera!"

For upon that especial evening there was to be an opera in the little town of Crystalton, a genuine New York company with a chorus, a full orchestra and all the paraphernalia of scenery and costume which provincial residents so seldom enjoy, and the younger population were on the *qui vive* of delighted expectation.

"I am going," said Mr. Emery slowly, "but not with you!"

"But you will change your mind, though," said Harrison Vail, "when you hear that Kate Marcy is to be of the party. Kate Marcy and the Miss Hutchewils and Fanny Hewitt. There are eight of us going. We've kept a seat on purpose for you!"

"I have engaged myself to another lady," Emery replied after a second or so of hesitation.

Vail laughed.

"Well, I'm sorry for it," said he, "but Miss Marcy is not a girl who need pine for a cavalier. We'll keep the seat for you until a quarter of eight, in case you should see fit to change your mind. Only, we must give you a word of warning, old fellow! Kate Marcy is a high-spirited girl—it won't do to trifle too much with her!"

Charles Emery went on his way rather graver and more self-absorbed. He had asked his mother, the day before, to go to see The Mascot, and his mother's eyes had brightened with genuine delight.

"Your father often used to take me, Charley," she said, "when we were young people and lived in New York. But it's twenty years and more since I have been to an opera. And if you're quite sure, dear, that there is no young girl whom you would rather take——"

"As if any young girl in the world could be to me what my own darling little mother is!" replied Emery, smiling across the table to her.

"Teen I shall be so delighted to go," said Mrs. Emery.

And her voice and eyes bore happy witness to the truth of her words.

But now that a regular party had been organized, and Kate Marcy had promised to join it, things looked very differently to the young man. For a moment he almost regretted that he had engaged himself to take his mother.

"She would be as well pleased with a concert," he said to himself, "and I should have the opportunity of sitting all the evening next to Kate Marcy. I'll ask her to let me off this time. She won't care."

But when he went into the little sitting-room of their humble domain, and saw his mother, with her silver-gray hair rolled into puffs on either side of her almost unwrinkled brow, her best black silk donned, and the one cameo brooch which she ownsd pinned into the white lace fo'ds at her bosom, his heart misgave him.

"I have been trimming my bonnet over with so me blue-velvet flowers," said she, smiling, "so as to do you no discredit, Charley; and I have a new pair of violet kid gloves. And now you must drink your tea. I've made some of your favorite cream biscuit, and the kettle is nearly at the boil. Oh, Charley, you'll laugh at me, I'm afraid, but I feel exactly like a little girl going to her first children's party. It's so seldom, you know, that a bit of pleasure comes in my way!"

And then Charles Emery made up his mind that his mother was more to him, in her helpless old age and sweet, affectionate dependence, than any blooming damsel whose eyes shone like stars and whose cheeks rivaled the September peach.

"Going with someone else!" said Kate Marcy, rather surprised and not exactly pleased.

She was a tall, beautiful maiden, the belle of Crystalton and rather an heiress in her own right, with all the rest. She certainly liked Charles Emery, and she rather surmised that he liked her also. And when she had been studying up her toilet for the opera, she had selected a blue dress, with blue cora-flowers for her hair and ornaments of turquois, because she had once heard Mr. Emery say that blue was his favorite color.

"Going with some one else!" she repeated. "Well, o! course he has a right to suit himself."

And she kept within her own soul the fevered fire of girlish resentment, the gnawing pangs of jealousy that disturbed her all the while that she was sitting waiting for the great green curtain to be drawn up.

Until, of a sudden, there was a slight bustle in the row of seats beyond, and Mr. Emery entered with his mother.

And then Kate's overgloomed face grew bright again. She drew a long breath of relief and turned to the stage; it was as if the myriad gas-lights had all of a sudden been turned up; as if all the mimic world of the opera house had grown radiant.

Never was voice sweeter in her ears than the somewhat thin and exhausted warble of Mademoiselle Rosalie de Vigne, the *prima donna*; never did scenery glow with such natural tints or footlights shine more softly. Kate Marcy declared that the opera was "perfectlum!"

"Yes, but," said pert little Nina Cummings, "do look at Charley Emery, with that little old woman! Why couldn't he have come to sit with us!"

Kate bit her lip. In the crowd now surging out of the aisles of the little opera house she could scarcely venture to express one decisive opinion; but she said, in a low, earnest tone:

"I don't know what you think of it, Nina, but I, for my part, respect Mr. Emery a thousand times more for his politeness to his mother."

And, almost at the same second, she found herself looking directly into Charles Emery's eyes.

For a moment only. The crowd separated them, almost ere they could recognize one another; but Kate felt sure—and her cheek glowed vivid scarlet at the certainty—that he ha l heard her words.

"Charley," said little Mrs. Emery, looking into her son's face, as they emerged into the veil of softly falling snow, which seemed to wrap the whole outer world in dim, dazzling mystery, "who was that girl?"

"What girl, mother?" with a little pardonable hypocrisy.

"The one, Charley, with the big blue eyes, and the sweet face, wrapped in a white, fleecy sort of hood—the one who said she respected you!"

"It was Kate Marcy, mother."

"She has a face like an angel," said Mrs. Emery softly.

The next day the foreman of the rolling mills went boldly to the old Marcy homestead, whose red brick gables, sheeted over with ivy, rose up out of the leafless elms and beeches, just beyond the noise and stir of busy Crystalton.

"Miss Marcy," he declared, "without intending to be an eavesdropper, I heard what you said last night."

"It was not meant for your ears, Mr. Emery," said Kate, coring a soft rosy pink.

"But," he pursued, looking her full in the face, "I cannot be satisfied with mere cold respect, Miss Marcy. I want a warmer, tenderer feeling toward myself. If you could teach yourself to love me——"

The dimples came out around Kate Marcy's coral red lips, wreathing her smile in wondrous beauty.

"The lesson is already learned, Mr. Emery," said she. "I do love you. I have loved you for a long time."

And the foreman of the rolling mills went home, envying neither king nor prince that day.

"But I never should have loved you so dearly," his young wife told him afterward, "if you hadn't been so good to the dear little mother of yours. In my eyes you never looked half so handsome as when you stood bending over her gray head in the crowded hall of the opera house that night."

"You see," said Emery, laughing at her enthusiasm, "I agree with the hero of the old Scotch ballad:

"Sweethearts I may get many a one,
But of mithers ne'er another."

Sir Edwin's Latest.

The public is well aware of the fact that a great daily published recently a poem by Sir Edwin Arnold, and for which it is reported that paper paid an even $1,000. The Chicago *Apparel Gazette* has the great poet's No Dance poem boiled down. It was written by Gus Schooley, and though only a few verses, it covers the entire field embraced by Mr. Arnold.

Tsuru San from beyond the moon,
Came on earth in her chemiloon,
And when O Tsuru went to swim,
She hung it on a fir-tree limb.

O Yuki San, the fisher boy,
Espied it and with fondish joy
Pinched the pantaloons from the tree,
Then homeward bounded, "He-he-he."

Not long in his hut had O Yuki been,
But an O Tsuru San blew in;
She meant to be in the water a dreamer,
For she had nothing on but her bathing dress.

She pleaded with the boy for her chemiloon,
Saying, "I can't soar beyond the moon
With bloomers legs on; this you must know;
Pray give it back and let me go."

O Yuki San then to her said:
"To see you soar, I most do dread.
But donate the can can, we will do,
Then take the dress and you may go."

"Oh fa, fa, fa! O Yuki San,
I will not dance the Jap can can;"
Then casting on her bloomers,
She firmly said: "No dress, No dance."

"You naughty boy! I'll not do such
A thing as that. No, no; not much!
Dance in this short skirt! Don't you guess;
But I will dance; first give the dress."

And now relents the bold, bad boy;
O Tsuru dons her dress with joy,
Then a song and dance in her chemiloon,
And she flits away beyond the moon.

Fads for Fair Hands.

A charming *fin de siecle* novelty is the photographing of the hands of women. Upon the score of beauty this very new custom has good reason. Poets have spent phrases upon the beauty of the perfect hands of their heroines. No novelist of the class given to descriptive detail would omit to mention admiringly the hand of the leading lady of his story in an enumeration of her charms—be it long, translucent and tapering, or chubby, soft and warm.

Since the giving of a woman's hand has always been symbolic of the giving of herself—a symbol that has lied more than once or even twice in the history of mankind—since it has ever been the privilege of the subject to kiss the hand of a queen, of a knight of old to kiss that of his lady, of a bashful lover to press that of his beloved to his own; since, indeed, it is the fine hand so truly beautiful, whether it contains four aces or four fingers, and since temperament at least, if not each small peculiarity of character, is expressed in it, the hand is certainly a sufficiently important feature of one's make-up to be preserved in counterfeit presentment.

The photography of hands originated as a general custom in London about a year ago. Hands have been reproduced in outline by the camera before this time. When Mr. Grant Allen made chiromancy a fad—a fad now defunct—he incidentally presented pictures made from photographs of some well known hands to illustrate his writings upon palmistry.

The taper of the fingers is most beautiful. Such a hand is slim, without being bony or too nervous. The possessors of such hands are usually of animated disposition, of sensitive nature, but given to occasional emotional and unreasonable moments, and to periods of melancholy.

The hand of a pronounced blonde is apt to be excessively thin and of apparently too delicate formation. The long, slim hand, as a rule, whether it belongs to a blonde or to a demi-blonde, indicates a variable disposition, subject to times of excitability.

The hand of the decided brunette is short and plump, and bespeaks an amiable, contented, housewifely disposition. She is of confiding nature, alert and intelligent, but allowably vain and sometimes unaccountably irritable and despondent by turns.

The photographs of hands appear most effectively upon black circular or oval surfaces. A cup, a flower, a piece of bric-a-brac, anything simple or dainty held in the fingers, may enhance the artistic effect.—*Young Ladies' Fashion Bazar.*

Banking Under Disadvantages.

"You ought to come up into one part of the state," said a tall countryman over the bank counter the other day to the cashier of a Grisholt street bank.

"Where a that?" inquired the cashier.

"Up in the Upper Peninsula."

"What have you got there that's interesting?"

"Got people that will make more money in ten minutes doing banking their way than you'll make your way in ten years."

"How do they do it?"

"Discounts."

"We make something in that line ourselves."

"Yes, I s'pose so, but not like them. By criminy," he went on, emphatically, "I had a note for $150 the other day I wanted discounted and I took it to the cashier of a Grisholt street bank."

"Where a that?" inquired the cashier.

"Up in the Upper Peninsula."

"What have you got there that's interesting?"

"Got people that will make more money in ten minutes doing banking their way than you'll make your way in ten years."

"How do they do it?"

"Discounts".

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Daughters in Literature.

THOUGH I cannot lay claim to any personal knowledge of Mr. Howells' family, I think he must have a daughter of eighteen or so. How else could he acquire such a perfect knowledge of the nature of daughters? Take his latest story, The Quality of Mercy. Here is Louise Hilary. What a delightful girl she is. She comes into her papa's study, and laughs at him and caresses him, and leaves one long glove on the hearth-rug, her cloak on the lounge, her lace wrap somewhere near the door and her arctics in the middle of the room, and her good brother Matt is obliged to gravely lay them in proper juxtaposition to each other and say nothing. Could anything be more like a daughter or more delightful for old Mr. Hilary. One feels on reading Mr. Howells' delicious account of Louise that one would like to have such a daughter of one's own and hang the expense. As you look over the daughters in literature you find some very pleasant girls, but to have a pleasant time it generally seems necessary that they have pleasant papas. Girls in literature are all too apt to spend too much time on the young Romeos and too little on their papas, but they find in the end that it would have been happier policy to have left some millinery in an affectionate way in the paternal study. Do you suppose that Juliet would have had all that trouble if the senior Capulet had occasionally found her *chignon* among his legal documents? But, ah! in literature fathers are not properly appreciated until it is too late. Suppose Desdemona had taken her father into consideration when she was thinking of marrying Othello. Old Brabantio liked Othello, and would in all probability have given his consent. The wedding would have taken place at a seemly and convenient hour; there would have been no helter-skelter compact such as one might well suspect the other of holding lightly. There would have been a stylish wedding in St. Mark's, and all the pretty *demoiselles* of Venice would have been there. Desdemona would have looked tearfully joyous; Othello, solemn and nervous; Brabantio, bland and stately. Roderigo would have been there and sighed a few sighs and told his fellow-gallants that Fate had used him badly; would have tossed some flowers over Desdemona, made a rattling good speech at the wedding breakfast and fallen in love with one of the bridesmaids. Then the political party of which Othello was an adherent, people's party or family compact, would have seen a serenade by Gondoliers when the palace windows were shining golden above the moonlit waters. After such proceedings Iago might have gone and bayed the moon for a hearing.

But there have been some beautiful, loving daughters in literature. One goes back to old Sophocles and has a vision of the hill of Colonus, near Athens, with its sacred grove; and blind old Œdipus, once Tyrannus, is leaning upon the shoulder of Antigone, and she is supplying his lost vision with the words:

> "I see a city
> With lofty turrets crowned, and if I err not,
> This place is sacred, by the laurel shade,
> Olive and vine thick planted, and the songs
> Of Nightingales sweet-warbling through the grove."

And later we see the blind Lear and the devoted Cordelia, and sweet Romola reading aloud, with soft Italian accent, the beautiful Greek hexameters. Here is honest, kind-hearted, blundering Tulliver, proud of Maggie's precociousness; Isaac of York, Scott's Jew-miser willing to undergo torture and part with all he has for the honor of his daughter; Shylock, with his overpowering love for the ungrateful Jessica; Agnes Wickfield, with her tenderness for her weak and erring father; and Katie Willows, with her talkative, genial sire. To us non-sentimental folk the maidens of literature, considered as daughters, are as interesting as when considered as lovers.

TOUCHSTONE.

Book Notices.

The Lady of Cawnpore, a romance by Frank Vincent and Albert Edmund Lancaster (Funk & Wagnalls, New York, London and Toronto), is an exceedingly improbable tale, the beginning of which is laid in 1857. It is a history of Madame Gregory, an American who has married a Russian prince, and who after passing through a terrible mutiny emerges towards the end of the book as an Indian princess and the aunt of the hero. The latter begins business in the romance as the rector of St. Remigius. He becomes an agnostic, travels through the East Indies, rents a palace, and has as his mistress Adwa, a beautiful Nautch dancing girl. A Persian savant tells us much about theosophy and the transmigration of souls, and altogether we have an unusual literary mince pie which is by no means uninteresting reading, as the descriptions of Oriental life are always pleasing and often thrilling.

Mirth is the sweet wine of human life. It should be offered sparkling with zestful life unto God.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Nature repairs her ravages, repairs them with her sunshine and with human labor.—*George Eliot.*

The Drama.

I HEARD a very funny story this week. A well known Toronto saloon-keeper visited the continent a short while back, and on his return home he met another well known Toronto saloon-keeper. He described to him the sights of his trip, and in the course of his laudations he spoke of a well known female statue which had struck his fancy. The form and proportions of this work of art he praised without stint, and added: "Statue of Venus, you know." In repeating his account the second saloon-keeper said scornfully: "The blanked fool! Why Venus is a city!" There is the same vagueness in people's minds about Faust. It has been in turn an opera, a burlesque, and a drama; and among all these the genius of the great Goethe is apt to be lost sight of.

The poem Faust is a profound metaphysical story, an allegorical epic of the soul of man, perhaps, and with his florid wealth of production Goethe has seen fit to scatter through it a number of dramatic scenes, unequalled in power since the plays of Shakespeare were written. With a few broad strokes of his brush also he has created Margaret, who allegorically represents the woman influence in relation to man, but who is one of those sublime, flesh and blood creations, that hold place with Nausicaa, Rosalind and Desdemona. Of course it is an impossibility to represent Faust on the stage in its true form. But a skimming of those scenes which form the tragedy of Margaret and an introduction of the devil Mephisto—in the poem the metaphysical demon we are so prone to take into our hearts in youth, and whom sometimes we never succeed in ousting, but who in the drama is the Satanic majesty himself, ruler of the regions of the damned, and whom it has been the delight of so many church men to describe—make a picturesque drama.

But poor Faust is not. The Faust who grows despondent at the littleness of his understanding, who ponders on the beginning of things and who finds that:

> The day is dark and the night,
> To him who would search their heart
> No lips of cloud will part;
> No morning song (comes) in the light.

Who would end his life when he hears the voices singing the song of Christ's resurrection, with what effect these lines from Anster's translation show:

> "Soft sounds, that breathe of Heaven, most mild, most powerful,
> What seek ye here? Why will ye come to me
> In dusty gloom? Oh! rather speak
> To hearts of soft and penetrable mould!
> I hear your message, but I have no faith,
> I cannot force myself into the spheres,
> Where these good tidings of great joy are heard;
> And yet from youth familiar with the sounds,
> Even now they call me back again to life;
> Oh! once, in boyhood's happy time, Heaven's love
> Showered down upon me with mysterious bliss,
> Hallowing the stillness of the Sabbath day!
> Feelings resistless, incommunicable,
> Yearning for something that I know not of,
> Deep meanings in the full tones of the bells,
> Mingled—a prayer was burning ecstasy—
> Drove me, a wanderer through lone fields and woods;
> Then tears rushed hot and fast—then was the birth
> Of a new life and a new world for me;
> These bells announced the merry sports of youth,
> This music welcomed in the happy spring,
> And now am I once more a little child,
> And old remembrances, winding round my heart,
> Forbids this art, and checks my daring steps—
> Then sing ye on—sweet songs that are of Heaven,
> Tears come, and Earth has won her child again.
>
> [*Throws down poison-cup.*]

Where is the Faust who spoke these lines? We see him as a decrepit old man (!) who at his own desire is by a trumpery change made an itinerant Romeo. But Margaret would float any drama, and with the devil and some magnificent dramatic scenes a play results, the unity of which is vague but which is in many respects beautiful.

The acting of Lewis Morrison as Mephisto is by this time well known in Toronto. He has the humorous faculty which makes his slightest action funny to an audience. These, with a lithe body, a very mobile face, an expressive voice, make his devil all that can be desired. He has to retail many gags from the fertile mind of the adapter together with some plausible moral sentiments, which the gods never fail to applaud, even though the devil does say them. On Monday night Mr. Morrison made a speech, in which he gave Torontonians as much taffy as he thought they could with ease digest. Miss Florence Roberts as Margaret divided honors with Mr. Morrison. Though she was evidently quite unwell on Monday night, her characterization was finer than ever. She is Margaret to the life. All the peasant girl's sweet reserve and innocent joy at having found her prince, are there. In her grief for her dishonor and her mother's death, she had, as was stated in these columns last year, "a flood of tears in her voice." The mad scene was magnificent acting, and so thorough an *artiste* as Miss Roberts, down to the smallest piece of stage business, is rare. Mr. W. R. Owen made a fair Faust. Mr. Lawrence was a vigorous Valentine. Miss Carrie Carter, who played Martha, is a clever enough comedienne of a certain stamp. She is probably not responsible for the vulgar love scenes between herself and Mephistopheles and works conscientiously. These scenes, which were sandwiched in by the adapter, are, to the love scenes between Faust and Margaret, the work of Goethe, as dirt unto gold and suggest the brain that created Two Old Cronies. The stage setting is very fine, and though I cannot see the art of representing the horrible Brocken scene, Goethe's Mountain of Mammon, credit is due for the skill, though misapplied, which it calls forth.

A Mile a Minute at the Academy this week is a fair enough show, which is carried by a real steam engine. This latter is somewhat different from the engines that one can see for nothing down at the Union Station, being of English design. The plot is not bad, and the actors are no worse. They do some clever song and dance specialties during the performance.

Miss Sadie Scanlan, who was at the Grand during the last half of last week, is a clever enough little woman, and does not sing badly. Her imitation of her brother's singing and smiling was not bad, but save for one dramatic scene when Ely is singing at the back and the dead man is lying forward in the hut, the play wasn't worth seeing. TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

A new acquisition to the ranks of elocution lists in Toronto is Miss Marguerite Dunn, a graduate of St. Joseph's seminary of this city and of the Philadelphia School of Oratory. At the Normal school auditorium last Saturday night, in conjunction with Miss Agnes Knox, she rendered a varied and difficult programme in splendid form.

It seems that Mrs. Scott-Siddons has altered her plans and will not go out this season, and is but to have a trial matinee of a totally different play from that announced, at Palmer's Theater, New York, shortly. This is rather unfortunate for the prospective members of her road company, who have probably forfeited other engagements while waiting for her to get started. Among them was Mr. Harry Boddy of this city, whose ability for a part in a society play such as Mrs. Siddons at first proposed to embark with, is well known to Torontonians.

Next week the Academy announces one of the best attractions of the season, Niobe. This very successful comedy was produced in New York with great success, and is one of the funniest plays ever written. It is the joint work of the English comedian, Harry Paulton, and his son Edward. During Christmas week also Toronto will have two very fine shows of a light and joyous nature as befits the season. The Academy announces the famous comic opera, The Tar and The Tartar, one of the best of its tropic kind. In the cast will be the famous comedian, Digby Bell, and his clever wife, Laura Joyce Bell, who hoofs it so much and a hit while with Duff last season in Gilbert & Sullivan *roles*. The Grand has booked Agnes Huntington in the London success, Captain Therese. For New Year's week Manager Sheppard announces Fanny Davenport in Cleopatra.

The Wallace (Idaho) *Barbarian* says of Cleopatra's Antony: "It is told of Antony that he went one day to angle with Cleopatra, and, with the cunning of a modern who buys his fish in the market place, instructed his fisherman to dive under water and attach previously caught fish to his hook. His success was too great; it swallowed itself, for the captivating charmer of the Nile was not only beautiful, but shrewd. She penetrated the trick though she concealed her discovery. The next day was listed for the same amusement. Cleopatra had some of her own fishermen on hand, and in the midst of the sport Antony pulled up a cadaverous-looking salted mackerel or some other fish, I know not what except that it was tainted. This anecdote is related to show means by which that Cleopatra and her sex are able to take care of number one."

It was at the matinee and the house was only sparsely filled. The play was a comedy and the audience was enjoying every word that fell from the actors' lips. A little at one side sat a pretty and well dressed young lady alone, and just beyond wasa well known woman and her daughter, prominent in the leading circles of society. To the casual spectator one group was no more prepossessing than the other and both equally attractive. Near by was a box containing three young men of the masher order. The play progressed and the fun flowed fast and furious; the audience was convulsed, men in the box, pretty young girl, society people and all, when high above the sounds of mirth rose shrieks of laughter from the girl who sat alone. She applauded vigorously with her programme, rattling it audibly, and the attention of every one near was drawn to her. The expression on the faces of her neighbors was as much as any part of the proceedings. At the first sound they suddenly ceased their own laughter, looked first amazed, then mystified, and finally disgusted. They glanced questioningly over the girl, noted her faultless attire, her free and easy manner, and above all her shockingly loud laughter. Their own pleasure in the performance was spoiled after that. They could not enjoy the striking bits of humor, for their neighbor's voice grated harshly on their ears, while she, all unconscious of the disturbance she was creating, continued to extract hearty enjoyment from the hour. She condemned herself, however, in the eyes of every one who saw her, and all because she did not understand that a lady, like the good child, when in a public place should be seen and not heard.

Florence was fun-loving. So is the gentleman who repeated the following narrative, which has never been in the public prints:

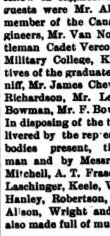
"Several years ago," began the narrator, "I met Florence on a Cunarder. We were both homeward bound, and if you have ever been away from your native land a long time you know the full meaning of 'homeward bound.' Florence was in excellent spirits, and during the voyage across the great deep we were almost inseparable. After having been on the sea for about twenty-four hours we began tiring of the monotony. We had talked of everything, until all subjects seemed to be exhausted, when Florence, with fun bristling out all over, said in his peculiar way: 'Say, what do you say to having some sport on our own account? We'll play this ship is New York or America, if you please, and we'll act the Vanderbilt and Gould racket by cornering the silver market. What say you, old boy?' 'A brilliant idea, but can we do it, do you think?' 'Certainly,' said Florence, 'just as easy as falling overboard, and much more pleasant.'

"Accordingly, we began taking account of our wealth and estimating about how much silver there was on board. Finding that we possessed ample capital to corner the change market, we lost no time in beginning our fun. The first thing Florence did was to sally forth in quest of a cigar. The lowest priced cigar on the steamer was bought, and Florence nonchalantly tendered a five pound note in payment. Then it came my turn, and if I remember rightly I struck out on lemonade, and made a special request for small change when I threw down my crisp bill. Two small purchases and nearly ten pounds of silver in our possession. Hour by hour, day and night we worked every part of the ship in this way. We never had any change, but were invariably provided with sovereigns. Our silver accumulated rapidly, and in a little while there was a general complaint over the dearth of change. Sporting men would walk up to the bar and call for refreshments and get refused because their bills could not be changed.

"Hour by hour matters became worse, until the purser dove deep down into his lockers and extricated therefrom hundreds of pennies, twopence and two-penny pieces that had not seen the light of day for years. It wasn't long before all these coins were in our possession, and at this juncture anybody who made a purchase less than a pound was permitted to open an account. We had cornered the market and Florence would loll around among the passengers to get their views on the situation. After hearing their complaints he would return and we would sit down together and laugh over the purser's predicament.

"The day before we arrived in New York we gathered our wealth together. We each had half a dozen socks full, and when we took it to the purser and requested that he give us notes in exchange for the troublesome silver and copper, he was dumbfounded at our audacity. At first he was inclined to get mad, but when the joke dawned upon him he exclaimed: 'Well! I knew there was something the matter with that infernal silver, but who would have thought of you and Florence getting up a corner!' The purser was obliging and kindly counted out 125 pounds English sterling and took our silver at par."

Varsity Chat.



MEN of the School of Practical Science dined in a most hearty manner at the Arlington Hotel, on Friday night of last week. Mr. R. W. Thompson acted as chairman and Mr. E. W. Hinde occupied the vice-chair. The representatives of the faculty were: Mr. John Galbraith, M. A., C. E., principal and professor of engineering; Dr. Ellis, professor of chemistry; Dr. Coleman, professor of mineralogy; Mr. L. B. Stewart, lecturer in surveying; Mr. C. J. Marani, lecturer in sanitary engineering, and Mr. J. A. Duff, B. A., fellow in engineering. Among the invited guests were Mr. Alan McDougall, C. E., and member of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, Mr. Van Nostrand, P. L. S., and Gentleman Cadet Vercoe, representing the Royal Military College, Kingston. The representatives of the graduates were Mr. Clarkson Cantiff, Mr. James Chewett, Mr. R. Laird, Mr. D Richardson, Mr. Leander Bowman, Mr. A. Bowman, Mr. F. Bowman, and Mr. M. Merrill. In disposing of the toast list speeches were delivered by the representatives of the various bodies present, the chairman, vice-chairman and by Messrs. V. G. Marani, C. H. Mitchell, A. T. Fraser, A. T. Lane, W. A. Lee, Laschinger, Keele, Wood, McPherson, Gibson, Hanley, Robertson, Boyd, Taylor, Chalmers, Alison, Wright and White. The night was also made full of music.

Sign songs and readings were given by Messrs. Feast, Slynn, and Frazer at the McMaster University Literary and Theological Society on Friday night of last week, for the programme was devoted to the consideration of work done among the deaf mutes in the institution at Belleville. Addresses were delivered by Dr. McIlroy and Mr. C. J. Cameron, Mr. R. Trotter and Mr. Nasmith. The meeting was decidedly interesting and instructive.

At the last meeting of the Referendum, papers on A Comparison of the Judiciary of Canada with that of the United States were read by Mr. F. D. Fry and Mr. B. A.C. Craig.

The students have decided to hold a conversazione this year in the main building.

American Poets were handled in excellent literary style at the meeting of the Modern Language Club on Monday evening. Mr. H. M. Brown presided and essays were read by Miss McKenzie, Mr. O. P. Edgar and Mr. Beatty. Miss Louise Allen read a selection from Bryant and Mr. A. F. Edwards sang songs.

Peculiar are the "morals" which some members of the public draw from the topics discussed by the students. A correspondent to a city daily, an M. P. P., sees cause for alarm in the fact that in debate the McMaster men decided in favor of Annexation.

A correspondent to a country weekly paper published in a northern town, who signs himself Churchman, has among other things, in tangled sentences, to say: "A few Sundays ago the congregation of St. James' were treated to an exhibition of Wycliffe College gymnastics in the shape of something that was intended for a sermon by one of her young disciples, with that abhorrence which this college and its devotees have for ritualism pushing into extreme approaching insanity. There seems also to be associated an utter disregard for common sense, and an idea that the veriest balderdash from a juvenile brain, so long as it is delivered extemporaneously, with an enthusiasm which begets gestures and gymnastics, the most grotesque and inappropriate, is far more acceptable to an intelligent congregation than a well studied and well read sermon even if it happens not to be his own."

The lecture by Prof. Alexander on The Poet and His Art was much appreciated by a large audience. He pleased his hearers most by the selections he read to illustrate his theories.

Mr. D. W. McGee, B. A., Mr. J. F. Howard, B. A., and Mr. W. S. McLay, B. A., have been appointed fellows in Oriental languages, mathematics, and Spanish and Italian respectively. They are clever men and ought to be successful as fellows. JUNIOR.

As If You Were Not Dead.

For Saturday Night.

The sun shines on, with all its brilliant brightness,
The sky is all a perfect, cloudless blue;
The birds sing on, with just the same heart-lightness,
The very songs they used to sing to you.
The roses, as last year, are all in bloom,
The odor is as fragrant that they shed.
Like a silver shadow, rises up the moon,
As if you were not dead!

As if you were not dead—O dearest, dearest—
I stretch my empty arms towards the sky,
As if from God and Rest, that I would take you,
And call your name with bitter-longing cry.
But as I look with tearful eyes to Heaven,
I only see the bright stars overhead,
That shine upon me with their pale, cold beauty—
As if you were not dead.

I know that I am wicked in rebelling
Against the will of God—but ah, the pain!
The maddening longing, just for one brief moment
To hear his dear voice speak to me again.
To look, but once upon your face, my dearest,
To tell you how my heart for you has bled,
How all the world grew full of darkest sorrow,
The hour that you lay dead!

My God, I know that it will never happen,
I know I cannot see my love again,
Until I hear his voice say, "It is over—
Poor tired heart, your prayers were not in vain."
Then, as I pass from life, to life eternal,
There I shall see my love on Heaven's shore,
My dearest, with his arms outstretched in welcome—
And hear him whisper, "Parting, sweet, is o'er."

DAY DOUGLAS.

What is Love.

For Saturday Night.

I asked a summer girl
Who had a dozen beaux,
"You make me tired," said she,
"Go ask some one who knows."

I asked a love sick swain,
(We all have read of these)
He answered with a groan,
"It's a most dread disease."

I asked a sage, whose face
Wore a perpetual frown,
He thought a moment, then
Replied, "an abstract noun"

A lady who had wed
Mr. Big Wallet Smith
For gold, the gossips say,
Replied, "It is a myth."

A maiden old, whose age
May not be told in verse
Locked daggers as she said,
"It's something very scarce."

An author, widely read,
In all whose tales were blent
Love and romance, when asked,
Said: "A mere sentiment."

I asked the little girl
Who's soon to be my wife,
She blushed, but promptly said,
"Why darling, love is life."

And, because she is right,
And all the others wrong,
I dedicate to her
This humble little song.

J. SHILBY, M. A.

The Maples.

For Saturday Night.

And ye have donned the red and gold, my neighbors and my friends,
As if ye told by change of dress that now the summer ends,
And all your crimson, drifting leaves, through breezy hollows blown,
Light up the sombre autumn woods from whence the flowers have flown.
Like kings of ancient lineage in families ye stand,
Or hoary chieftains strong and proud, protected by a clan,
And lordly strightlings by your side are bravely mounting higher
In rank on rank and pressing close like children round a sire.
Oh, ancient monarchs clad with strength, how vast the thoughts appease,
That ye have stood and faced thy sun for thrice two thousand years.
Oh, many a storm has rent the skies since ye were in your prime,
And many an April shower has drenched the earth's awakening time;
Could we but know the secrets your massive heads enfold,
Interpret all the whisperings your swaying branches hold.
I can't but think ye sentient things, grave giants of the wood,
So close ye stand to nature's heart, and all that's pure and good.
Say! do ye mourn a fallen friend and grieve as mortal grieves,
And wring your knotted hands, and moan and cover him with leaves?
And do you love the first spring flowers, and do your cold hearts thrill
When woodpeckers begin to tap, and bluebirds flute and trill?
How many birds have reared their young where high your branches ride?
How many times around your feet the flowers have bloomed and died?
Did other moss live and love and toil as we do now?
To all my eager questioning—What? only sigh and bow.
Well, keep your secrets if ye will, I love you just the same,
And o'er our values and sunlit hills long may your banners flame.

ISABELLA ALLEN WARWICK.

Three Girls.

For Saturday Night.

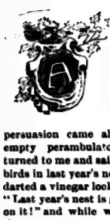
A pure white face, and shining hair,
In one long sunny plait that falls
Below her waist, and azure eyes,
As clear as truth, a laugh that calls
All else to laugh, her head held high,
As though she always saw the sky,
A form as straight as poplar trees,
Graceful as branches in a breeze,
And winsome, dainty ways are sweet,
That's Marguerite.

Soft fawn brown hair in falling ends,
And dreamy eyes of purple hues,
With lashes of the darkest brown
That sweep the cheek's faint rosy hue.
A sweet shy glance that asks for love,
And ways as gentle as a dove,
A love so lovely, voice so clear,
One always calls the maiden dear,
A creature made to love and pet,
That's Violet.

Warm glowing cheeks, and rosy lips,
A maiden of the head and light,
With hazel eyes that flash and glow,
And autumn tresses warm and bright,
A voice so full, and rich, and free,
Its common tale is melody.
Impulsive ways, and laughter gay,
And yet with all, a regal way,
She scatters joy where e'er she goes,
And that's Rose.

B. H.

Between You and Me.



S I was walking up Yonge street the other afternoon with a quiet and rather thoughtful companion, who is apt to take in everything when apparently noticing nothing, a woman of the thin-lipped and gimlet eyed persuasion came along, wheeling a pretty, empty perambulator. My dreamy escort turned to me and said placidly, "There are no birds in last year's nest!" The woman paused, darted a vinegar look at him and snapped out, "Last year's nest is going to have runners put on it!" and while we gaped and gasped and then gave way to our surprise in a mutual shout of laughter, the woman tossed her head, jerked her perambulator over the crossing and walked smartly away. I don't believe that young man will ever quote poetry again in public, so great a start did he receive.

*

Probably we shou'd all get a like surprise were we daring enough to say just what we think sometimes, even were it as inoffensive a thought as the one my friend voiced. But what a relief it would be, because everyone has some carefully cherished and hidden opinion of some pet aversion or the reverse, which circumstances, good-heartedness, policy or fear prevent them from expressing. It is a frequent experience of the mistress of to day to hear some home truths from the hastily dismissed servant, for the long-enduring clerk to celebrate his *conge* by speaking of his mind that is bound to do him harm later on, for the irate Patrick to indulge in personalities to the boss as he quits the works. I have once or twice been an unwilling witness of this trait, which is by no means confined to the unlettered and horny-handed sons and daughters of toil. It runs through all human nature. I believe it is a fact that during the period when Mr. Disraeli was the barely-tolerated leader of the arrogant, muddy-minded Tories of that day, he once told a friend that, if he knew himself to be within ten minutes of death, he would like to employ the interval in dictating his true and unvarnished opinion of the mental and moral qualities of the magnates of his party, and particularly of the late Lord Derby.

*

Talking about baby carriages reminds me of a very absurd little scene I saw in front of a large shop the other evening. A woman had left her baby's carriage on the pavement while she went in with little Tootsie to fit her with a wool hood. A stout gentleman, who holds a high position in our midst, was hurrying past the shop door, where the usual bargain day crowd was hustling in and out. They jostled his well developed proportions, and he crushed by them in rather a rude and inconsiderate manner. Somehow his foot caught in the front wheel of the baby carriage and away he went, sprawling into it in the most ridiculous way. At that very moment the mother appeared with her baby and shouted at him, "Come out o' that kerridge!" He glared at her as he gathered up himself and his hat, and two unprincipled little gamins repeated her command—"Oh, get out and walk, you—oh, get out of the lady's buggy." I covered my face with my muff and fled away ere the outraged magnate could recognize the fact of my hilarity or become aware of my identity. It was very funny.

*

Every once in a while one gets a disagreeable light upon the dark places of fashionable life in the Mother Country, and some startling fact comes out as to the habits and customs of the

"Sweet perfumes, all is their golden dresses.
Like flowers in the sun!"

I noticed in a very black *expose* in the life of the *haute noblesse* which is made in the newspapers of the present month, a husband remarks that he was obliged to limit his lady wife to the smoking of six cigarettes a day. While I do not want to pose as a shocked Puritan, at the fact of a peeress smoking cigarettes, still the calmness with which this remark was made and received showed that Lady Maud had not done anything very *outre* in smoking cigarettes, and that six of them is the proper allowance per diem for a person of her quality. Any one who has seen Easterns enjoying their dainty after-dinner cigarette can't protest very strongly against it as an unbecoming habit; it is perfectly charming and cute, but still tobacco and ladyhood don't seem made to go together to our obtuse Western minds, and the smoking of cigarettes, however fashionable, is only another instance of how ready some natures are to appropriate the least desirable weaknesses of others, instead of adopting their more admirable practices. And though I laughed at and admired a Russ whom I caught smoking once in Bavaria, and made fun of some Americans who were reduced to speechless horror at the spectacle, still I should feel distinctly sad to catch a Toronto lady at the same game.

*

A correspondent writes me a very interesting and sensible letter, and asks me to tell him in this column whether it would be wrong and foolish for him to marry the girl of his heart on a salary of six hundred dollars a year. Certainly not, if she is the right sort of girl, and both you and she are ready to live on that small amount. It will take it all, my son, and you will vary to be self-denying, and patient, and content, or things won't go; but it is possible to live in Toronto on six hundred dollars a year and be "comfy," if one has these three noble qualities. "We only want to have some little home, and we are both ready to step down and be poor people until better times come." That is good common sense. Step down and be poor people; face the fact squarely. There is no sense in being like that funny old reduced gentlewoman whose hens laid well, and who determined to augment her scanty means by selling the fresh eggs on the market square. So she put on her thickest veil and took her basket and squeaked out fearfully: "Fresh eggs, fresh eggs. Oh, dear, *I hope nobody heard me!*" Lots of real poor people spend their money as absurdly as the poor old lady spent her voice, and "do *work* by stealth and blush to find it known." It is no disgrace to be poor, if you can pay ever such a plain way it is no great drawback either. You may have to eat plain food. Well, you will gain in health and digestion. You may have to wear old clothes. Well, you will be more independent of one hard ruler, fashion. You may have to do without society. Oh, no, you won't, for there are lots and lots of other poor people who will be glad to chum with you. You will most likely have to do without public amusements, and that I cannot give you comfort in—the lecture, the concert, the play, are all rather above your means. But you can get up a curtain lecture and sing the baby to sleep, and act as if you liked it.

LADY GAY.

Noted People.

J. Montgomery Sears of Boston pays two hundred thousand dollars a year in city taxes. As most of his property is in real estate he can not dodger the collector.

Baron Arthur Rothschild, a nephew of the house whose millions enable monarchs to put armies in the field, is now serving his twelve months' term in the French army as a full private, with a possible marshal's baton in his knapsack.

Hiram Chase, a full-blooded Indian of the Omaha tribe, has been admitted to practice in the Federal Court at Omaha. Mr. Chase is the first Indian ever admitted to the practice of law in Nebraska.

Henri Rochefort, the former Paris communist, who escaped from his banishment to the penal settlement of New Caledonia, speaks no English, although he makes London his home. He is sixty years old, and his hair is snow-white.

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt's memory will be kept alive among other ways by a musical scholarship, to establish which a large number of eminent artists have agreed to take part in a concert which will be given in London early next spring.

No wonder Archduke Johann's ship went down, or was badly strained, at least. His full name, which was used for ballast probably, was Johann Nepomucenus Salvator Marie Joseph Jean Ferdinand Balthazar Louis Gonzague Peter Alexander Tenobius Antonin.

Inquiries made among publishers in Paris show that the works of the elder Dumas are in far greater demand than those of any other writer. A long distance behind him comes Zola, and then George Ohnet. These are followed by a group composed of Guy de Maupassant, Balzac, George Sand and Gautier.

Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chanler is devoting her time at present to the construction of a studio at her country home in Virginia. It is her intention to divide her time equally between art and literary work, devoting six months of the year to her brush and six to her pen. She aspires especially to excel in portrait painting.

Madame Augusta Holmes, an artist, has received notice from the management of the Paris Opera that they have accepted and will produce her opera, La Montagne Noire (The Black Mountain). This is the only work of a British composer, excepting Balfe, ever accepted by the management of the Paris Opera.

Mr. Parnell was a handsome man, with a fine figure, which he seemed to take pains to conceal in ill-fitting clothes. Occasionally he appeared in a coat that showed the marks of the tailor's skill, but as a rule he wore poorly and even shabbily dressed. While the Royal Commission was sitting he went about arrayed in an old white coat, with a kerchief half covering his face, a slouch hat on his head, and a black bag in his hand.

They are telling a story about Prince George of Wales, the sailor, who is said to be a very intelligent, pleasant boy, though somewhat bumptious. Being recently in the company of a famous journalist, who was talking about his old school, the Prince said cheekily, "Was that where you were sent to learn to write for the *Times?*" "No," said the journalist quietly; "I was sent there to learn manners." And the young gentleman smiled, and nodded his appreciation of the reply.

Prince William of Saxe-Weimar has been restored to the army since the accession of the new King of Wurtemberg. Until last May, he was a lieutenant of a hussar regiment. Owing to the fact that he owed about sixty thousand dollars, which he was unable to pay, his uncle, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, had him placed under *curatel*, or guardianship. Being no longer his own master, not having even the privileges of an ordinary minor, the young prince was obliged to resign from the army.

A very warm friend and favorite of the little King of Spain is Count Morphi, who was the private secretary of his father, and who now continues to act in the same capacity to the queen regent. Count Morphi, whose name is evidently a Spanish corruption of the familiar Hibernian patronymic of Murphy, is married to an Austrian lady, and is one of the most talented amateur musicians of the present day. He is an elderly man, and is thoroughly devoted to the wife and children of his former master.

General Booth's daughter, "La Marechale," who is in command of the Salvation Army in France and Switzerland, and is now proselyting in this country, is a tall, slender, and very graceful girl with a fresh English face, to which the blue bonnet of her order lends an additional attractiveness. She possesses an indomitable spirit, as was shown by the influence she exerted over the rough *canaille* of Paris who attended her meetings. Altogether, she is a most picturesque character for the nineteenth century—a Joan of Arc in time of peace.

Mrs. Norton of Grand Rapids, Michigan, was left a widow some years ago with three children and no property but a sandy plot of ground. Her husband had moved to Grand Rapids from New York only a short time before, and she was a stranger in a strange place; but she had brains, energy and resolution. She began to cultivate flowers for sale. Her business increased, and she added the raising of lettuce, and took her children into partnership. Last year her son sold over twenty tons of lettuce, none of it at less than twenty-three cents a pound. The family have a summer residence on the lake, and live in ease and prosperity, when a less wise and energetic mother might have allowed them to sink into pauperism.

Embryo Prima Donnas.

N observant reader of modern journals can not but be struck by the number of American women who are reaping laurels on the operatic stage. The United States is beginning to be the best producer of soprano. Musical critics say the American soprano is unrivaled. Something in our keen, electric air, which makes our women's talking voices so harsh, so high and penetrative, makes their singing voices clear as a lark's, crystalline in their limpid purity, fresh, fine, flawless.

There is no career that, in its glory and its sumptuous triumphs, can compare with that of a successful prima donna. There is no career in which the returns of work and labor are so quick and so splendid. To day, a shabby girl, in battered hat and worn-down shoes, goes tramping back and forth through rain and shine to her lessons, a roll of music under her arm, a flame of ambition burning in her heart, a golden singing-bird in her throat. To morrow, the singing-bird has been let loose, and all the world stands by, with upturned, listening faces, to hear its heaven-taught song. The shabby girl is a goddess in white satin, with diamonds on her powdered neck and in her bleached hair, with a voice that has a heart in it, and eyes soft with love and bright with triumph. The great world, that thought no more of the shabby girl than of a thousand other shabby girls plodding on in dreary rutts, turns aside to worship at the shrine of the flute-voiced goddess. The gay princes of this world, who would not bestow one sharp, investigating glance on the unknown pupil, will now waste hours and fortunes for one love-look from the great singer's *beaux yeux*.

Who can express surprise that such a career should seem as the way to Paradise to every woman with the faintest semblance of a voice? Moreover, musical women are, as a rule, lacking in sense and full to the brim with vanity and love of the greatest of the arts. They do not stop to consider consequences, to weigh possibilities of dangers and defeats. One night they go to the opera and hear some one sing Lucia. And when the singer has let pearls and diamonds drop from her lips in a falling shower of beauty, and the house rises to her with the thundering applause of a heart-stirred multitude, a little, half-grown girl, sitting still in a corner of the gallery, with her eyes aflame and her pulses beating like hammers, thinks that all the joys of the world would be well lost for one such night as this.

So incipient prima donnas lurk in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners. In the gay world we do not find them. The young lady of society has no career beyond that of being tranquil, respectable and happy. It is in the lower levels of the social scale that the Bernhardts and the Pattis lie waiting for the prince's kiss that is to wake them. Most of the great singers have come from singers or from nothing and nobody. They have felt the nip of poverty, they have known Bohemian ways, they are familiar with the talk of the *coulisses* or the slang of the back stairs. They have eaten their dinners at dirty, foreign restaurants, with unmentionable, good-natured people. They have had friends who would make your hair stand on end. They have sung a little bit ever since they can remember; been set on a table among half empty glasses and cigarette ends, when they were six, and told to give the jewel song from Faust; made a bit with The King of Thule when they were twelve; and, at sixteen, a handsome, raw, red-wristed, flat-waisted gawky called out rapturous "bravas" by a spirited rendition of Spirto Gentil.

Strolling down decidedly "slummy" side streets on bright, sun warmed mornings, when the windows are open, you may hear some of these coming stars caroling their lays to the accompaniment of rusty, jingling pianos. Now and then, in your lazy saun'er, a voice floats out between the dirty, scrimp curtains of an open window and strikes your ear like the voice of the angel Israfel—the sweetest singer in all the hosts of heaven. Being daring enough to lean against the area railings and peer in between the swelling curtains, you catch a glimpse of a sordid and slovenly room, out-at-elbows, dusty and unkempt. The singer, with her rough hair all but down and an apron over her black-stuff dress, seems by the glimpse you have of her broad, freckled face and the profile view you have of her big-boned, undecided figure, to be, perhaps, seventeen. Her voice is divine, her appearance unprepossessing. May be she will remain a "mute, inglorious Milton," forever singing in her dingy room to her dingy family; may be her voice will go out like a blown candle: and, then again, may be the next time you are in Paris, and have paid a small fortune to hear the new prima donna, you will find her a rough-hatred, freckled-faced woman, with a big-boned, undecided figure, except that pearl-powder, and French corsets, and Worth have turned her out a beauty.

Generally, in such a case as this, when the voice is pronounced really fine, some one is willing to advance the money to educate the embryo star. Some one finds her out in her obscurity, and decides that her light should shine before men that they may once more taste the honeyed joys of listening to the sweetest voice God ever put into an ugly mouth. What does it matter that the mouth is ugly? If a voice like that issued from the jaws of the dragon Fafnir, it could still charm, as the Lorelei's did, when she sat combing her hair with her golden comb. Some day, when her novitiate is over and her gay days have come, the freckled-faced girl of Avenue A can comb her hair, too, with a golden comb; can, too, have men ready to perish and go down to destruction for the love of her ugly mouth and her faded eyes.

But, on the other hand, who hears the piteous tales of those coming stars that never shine? They say there are planets in the firmament whose beams have not yet reached the earth. Alas, that this should also be the case with stars of the opera whose little ray of greatness has not yet fallen upon and dazzled the eyes of men! "The many fail, the one succeeds." They fail from a multiplicity of reasons—from lack of money, from insufficiency of voice, from inadequate dramatic power, from laziness, from discouragement, from weariness of heart. The girl who, to-morrow, was to have dragged the world captive at her chariot-wheels, realizes in the cold, dull light of to-day that the singing bird in her throat has of a sudden grown mute. It refuses to sing—the poor, tired bird, whose little pipe, though sweet, was weak! The family coffer is empty. The teachers look grim—"the voice had no stamina," they observe, "it was a thread of gold, but only a thread." The great prima donna finds her way into a chorus, and wears a crown of paste jewels, and has for a lover one of the scene-shifters. In her story there are no real diamonds nor genuine princes, and all because the singing bird grew mute.

The new aspirants, those who have just begun the race, never think of these cold possibilities. There are great things in store for them. The jewels are to be real, the princes are to come driving in glass coaches, the singing bird is to sing more and more sweetly as the days go by. There are to be two years of hard study, and then—the boards, the glimmer of the footlights, the exhilarating hum, and squeak, and guttural cry of the orchestra being tuned, the upward roll of the great curtain, the huge blaze of light, with darkness beyond, the heaving plane of the stage, the slow, soft notes that herald the new singer's aria, and then—your own voice. How strangely small and frail in that vast place! How tremulous at first, how strong, how rich, how sweetly triumphant, how tenderly impassioned—rising higher and higher, sinking breathlessly to silence—and then the thunders of applause!

A short time since, while pausing at Huyler's for a hot drink to keep out the cold, I was shown one of these new, bright particulars, of whom the world and her own patrons expect great things. My companion, a newspaper man who knows everything, had met her at the office of his paper, and knew her story. Some one had discovered her "out West," he said vaguely. They were not sure about the find, and, in company with her mother, sent her into one of the great centers to sing before competent judges. They pronounced the voice superb—a mezzo-soprano. She went on to New York, and here again sang for the musical sharps who rule the fate of trembling *debutantes*. Again the verdict was: "The voice is phenomenal; send the girl abroad."

The family got together all the money they had, and the girl and her mother took tickets on one of the North German Lloyd steamers. They were to go to Paris and remain there two years, the girl studying for the stage. At the end of that time, if she worked hard, she would be fit to make her *debut*. Neither of them knew a word of French, neither of them had ever before been outside their native State. Unless the sharpness of the Western American were theirs, the innocents abroad would be scheming sharpers compared to them. They would have little money and would have to live with the utmost economy, for lessons from one of the great operatic teachers come as high as the Eiffel Tower.

I looked at them curiously. The mother seemed worried, the girl carelessly good-humored and happy. She had what not one in a hundred women possesses, a fine stage presence. In the rough, as we saw her buying and nibbling candies at the counter, she was undeniably coarse, slovenly, and common-looking. Her gloveless hands were neither small nor particularly clean. Her skin, both on them and on her face, was very coarse in the grain. Her hair, cut and curled all round the front of her head, was bleached a bright yellow, and at the roots was dark brown. Her dress was ill-made and not neat, and on her cheeks were two round and carelessly applied dabs of rouge. But she possessed two attributes which caught and held the eye—a noble figure, majestic, splendidly proportioned, large and stately, and the carriage of a young queen. The way she held her shoulders, the way she carried her head, would have graced an empress on the day of her coronation. It seemed unconscious on her part, and was all the more striking and effective.

Appropriately costumed, with her coarse skin hidden by cosmetics and her goddess-like figure revealed by some wonderful, glistening dress, she would be a regal creature. She had large, bold features, too, the sort for the stage, and her movements were both stately and lithe. Here was bemiramide, the great queen; Aida, the captive princess; Valentine, the Huguenot nob'e; the stately majesty of Sheba, or even Brunhilda, the warrior-goddess.

An Unpleasant Diversion.

Rev. Sam Shinbones—Yes, my desh breddern an' sisters, nevah tuch de poison cup ob intoxicating hilarousness. Shun it; shun it like de debil——"

——But der are some pussun in dis yhere camp meetin' who not alone strays from de path ob 'ligion, but also 'propriates de property ob oders to his own sinful ends. I make no accusations his sins will find him out. It's from Jersey.

Osgoode Notes.

ON Saturday, November 28, the Literary Society met, as usual, in Convocation Hall, the president, Mr. Ludwig, in the chair. A communication was received from the Benchers of the Law Society with regard to the regulation and control of the privileges which the society exercise in the building, coupled with a request that a committee be appointed to meet their committee to draft rules, etc., so that mutually satisfactory arrangements might be made. The executive committee were instructed to attend to this important matter. The programme was opened by a song with banjo accompaniment by Mr. H. D. Hulme, which was encored and responded to. This was followed by the reading of a Shakespearean selection by Mr. Cooke. This is the first instance within the recollection of the present generation of law students, that any part of the great dramatist's works has been attempted on our mimic stage, and Mr. Cooke is to be congratulated on his success.

*

The debate was on the subject, Resolved; That a lawyer is justified in defending a criminal whom he knows to be guilty. Messrs. Godfrey and Pope delivered excellent speeches for the affirmative, and Messrs. Mallon and Hines upheld what from the first was a losing cause, with the courage of despair. The president decided in favor of the affirmative. The critic then took the floor and reviewed the programme, pointing out defects and showing how they might be remedied, not forgetting to give due meed of praise when it was deserved.

Quite an animated discussion took place respecting certain false and malicious reports which had been spread as to the time at which the "experience" meeting adjourned on the night of the public debate, and after thoroughly sifting the evidence (which was of a decidedly shaky character) and investigating the facts, the meeting came to the conclusion that there was absolutely no foundation for the "canards." The indignation was general that such a report should get around, striking as it did at the fair fame of as moral and industrious a body of young men as are in the city.

*

The annual dinner comes off at Webb's, on Thursday December 17. Tickets, barristers $2, students $1.

*

It has been decided to hold the ball on January 22, and already committees are being struck and preliminary work got through LEX.

AN ISLAND IDYL.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

Written for Saturday Night by E. M. Scholefield.

PART I.

The island which shelters Toronto harbor from the wild storms of Lake Ontario, is dear to the hearts of Torontonians. Not for its beauty, for to that quality it has but slight claim, being but a long, low bank of sand, cut up with many marshy ponds.

Nevertheless it is greatly valued, either for its usefulness in closing round the harbor or for its charming qualities as a summer resort. Many a man who cannot possibly leave his business in the city to accompany his family to some distant watering-place, finds Toronto Island a boon indeed.

There a small sum suffices to build a light wooden cottage in which to eat and sleep. This is all that is required by the merry islanders, who spend almost all their time in the open air, sitting upon the beach with work or book, picnicing, strolling about the sand in search of wild flowers, hunting frogs and mud turtles in the ponds, wading, bathing, rowing, paddling, sailing.

On the rustic verandas of one of the cottages, or bungalows, as the Islanders call them, three girls are lounging wrapped in the rosy glow of the setting sun, which has dipped below the horizon across the lake.

The eldest of the three is speaking in somewhat petulant tones. "There is no time to teach Marie euchre and it is too late to send over to town for another girl. I suppose I'll just have to take a hand, though I had planned not to play, but just to sit about and look after things. Really, Meg, you should have seen to this."

To which the girl who is evidently the youngest of the trio, and equally plainly the sister of the first speaker, replies soothingly: "Why, Alice, how on earth you expect Marie to know anything about progressive euchre, living all her life in that quaint home in prosy old Quebec, where I don't suppose anyone ever plays anything more frivolous than whist! I could have told you so if you had shown me your list for the different tables. Besides, you may just as well play, and Marie will look after any little thing we may want done, won't you dear?" turning to the pale girl beside her, who has been listening with an air plainly apologetic of her ignorance of euchre.

Marie looks gratefully at her old school-mate, and expresses an anxious desire to help Alice in any way possible, "though indeed," she adds, "I am so dreadfully unused to all social events that I fear I shall not prove a very powerful ally."

"Oh, yes, you will," says Meg; "besides, there will probably be nothing to do, beyond telling Jane not to put the oysters into the soup an hour before we want it. She always has an idea that they should be thoroughly boiled. But mother will keep Jane in check. Only you will be so dull all the evening."

"No, indeed; I feel excited at the thought of it. If I can only keep in the background and see this party, it will be an immense dissipation for me, and I shall be perfectly happy."

"You're such a funny old girl," says Meg merrily. "I would not be so shy for anything. And you actually twenty, too! Though I am only eighteen I am quite an old society hack to you. But there is the boat at the wharf, and father and Lion will be up presently; so we might as well go and get our dresses and things collected before dinner."

Later, when the family are seated about the cosy little dinner table, Mrs. Strange recollects a scrap of news to relate. "When I was crossing over to the Island from town this afternoon, Douglas Germaine happened to be on that ferry. He told me you invited him for to-night, Alice, but he had felt so uncertain about his father's arrangements that he was obliged to decline. I told him how sorry I was to hear that, and he explained that he had promised to come if he could possibly get away. And he finds that he can come after all. So he is at Oscar Germaine's now, and will be up with them by and by."

During her mother's little discourse Meg has been sending mischievous glances across at her sister, and now says saucily, "I wonder why you did not want to play? Wanted him all to yourself for the whole evening—greedy thing!"

Alice flushes up to the soft puffs of fair hair which crown her beauty, and returns sharply, though softly too, "And if I did, there is no harm done; but now he will have to waste his whole time with Marie De la Roche."

"Never, mind, Allie, Marie is only a child, you know, and can not really get in your way," murmurs Meg soothingly.

In the meantime Marie, seated between Mr. Strange and L'onel, enjoys herself very much, for the old gentleman has been recalling some of the pranks he played in long ago days as a student at Toronto's Varsity, with Marie's father as chief aider and abettor. The jovial old man is delighted when he sees the girl's shy face lighted up with mirth while roll'cking L'onel greets each fresh anecdote with shouts of boyish laughter.

Greatly has Marie dreaded this first day among her father's old friends. Meg Strange she has known for years at the boarding school where they have both just finished being educated, but the others were strangers to her until last night, when her father brought her over in the Island, and confided her to Mrs. Strange's motherly care for the whole summer, during which time he would be, as he said, "Tossing all round the provinces, and maybe flying across the ocean once or twice."

Before the genial *bonhomie* of her father's old friend, and the gentle kindness of Mrs. Strange, Marie's shyness soon melted away, and she found herself feeling quite content at the end of this first day amidst strangers. Then Meg was always such a good natured, cheery little soul, and bright, boyish Lion seemed just like Meg, only more so. But, Alice, Marie felt rather in awe of. She was well of course, which no doubt gave her reason to be patronizing to a simple school girl like Marie—and she was also a stately and handsome young lady. Still—Marie had to give it up, and could find no real reason for not feeling the same impulsive liking for the young lady of the house who's she felt for the other members of the family. "And Alice seems to feel kindly enough towards me, too," she told herself meditatively.

Gay chat and light laughter, the bloom of many flowers, the rose-shaded lamps glowing on pretty summer dresses, suited alike to the warm June evening and the unconventional Island customs. The men are arrayed in costumes that would look like lunacy on an evening in a city drawing-room, but here, on the wave-girt Island, where life is one continual camp out, they look picturesque and thoroughly appropriate. Some are in white cricketing flannels, some in gorgeous "blazers," a few in Argonaut colors—any arrangement of dark and light blue—and one, the Crown Wide of the Island, he, dark as a gipsy and handsome as a picture, is arrayed in black velvet, with knee breeches and buckled shoes, which turn out, though regarded with disfavor by the men as theatrical, meets with the very decided approval of the womenkind.

On this scene little Marie is gazing with a pleased interest, when she is aroused by a hand laid on her arm. Mrs. Strange is beside her, presenting a tall young man. Her dazed eyes have hardly communicated this fact to her mind ere she finds herself escorted out to the veranda and settled in a cushioned deck chair, into the prototype of which her escort comfortably sinks.

"Mrs. Strange has given me strict orders to keep you from moping this evening, while the others are busy at their cards," begins this self-possessed young man in a peculiarly soft, pleasant voice, "and suggested that we should make ourselves there, where we can see all that goes on and yet have complete quiet. We are the only onlookers to-night, as we must certainly devote ourselves to each other in self-defence. We are provided with a tray of something to sustain ourselves, there on that little table, and there are some shawls on that railing, and we are to peep through the window here and be good children. Now I want to hear how it is that this enlightened age in old Toronto young lady absolutely unable to play progressive euchre?"

During this speech Marie has been collecting her wits, and at the same time trying to get a glimpse of her companion's face, which, however, is such deep shadow that she is quite unsuccessful. A broad line of light flowing from the long French window bathes her in its golden glow, but naught of her companion can be seen save his pa'r of shapely legs clad in crimson stockings and russet shoes. The voice, however, is very reassuring, and Marie smiles as she answers, "I have only just left school and Madame D——— does not include euchre in her curriculum. Besides, I am not a Toronto girl at all. I come from sleepy old Quebec, and this is my first dissipation," looking in at the lighted window with earnest interest.

"Really," in an amused tone, "then this is your coming-out ball, as it were. I fear it will not prove very exciting, only twenty or thirty people rushing round at little tables playing cards and a stupid young man on the veranda to talk to. Were you ever on our Island before?"

"No, this is my first visit," the girl says, resigning herself to seeing nothing but the young son legs; and, are those white knickerbockers beyond there? Desperately resolving at least to know the name of this man who evidently intends to dedicate his evening to her, she says shyly, "I did not catch what Mrs. Strange said; I hope it is not rude to ask, but would you mind telling me your name?"

"Rude, of course not; and naturally a nameless being seems strange, and we want to be friends—at least, I am, I add," softly, and persuasively, "my name is Douglas—"

"My favorite Christian name," says Marie, with a pleased look in his direction, "Douglas, tender and true—how beautiful that is! ... And it is a lovely surname, too."

"I am glad you like it. It is a favorite of my good mother. I like it myself, which is rather unusual. Your name, too, is a pretty one, Miss De la Roche."

"Yes, my father's family were French Canadians, though he was born here in Ontario, and my mother came from here too; indeed, they were young people when Mr. and Mrs. Strange were newly married, and all were friends together over in Toronto the c," pointing vaguely into the dusk in the direction of Niagara, for as yet this young lady has not become familiar enough with the curving sand-bank on which her lot is cast for the present, to be quite sure of the points of the compass. However, her companion seems quite satisfied, and draws his chair nearer here, yet so that the shadow falls still deeper across his face, saying pleasantly, "How nice for you to be with such old friends. The Strangers are charming people. I hope you are going to stay here all summer, and become one of the Island girls. Young ladies are scarce here as yet; and there are such a lot of the fellows scattered all over the place."

"Yes, I will probably be here all summer. Mrs. Strange has been very kind about it, and papa will be away from home in Quebec, and the boys—my twin brothers—are with a private tutor in Montreal. So papa was delighted to accept his old friend's invitation for his lonely little girl. You see, it would be so dismal for me to come home to Quebec alone, I have no friends there—my mother died so long ago; and papa's friends are all business people. This place is a perfect paradise to me, among such kind people and in such a pleasant spot, with the water rippling at my feet all day and the sound of wind and wave to put me to sleep at night. See the stars shining in the water out there now, how peaceful it all is. Last night I sat and watched it till the happiness and the sorrow of it seemed almost too much to bear, and the tears were on my cheeks before I knew; and while I watched it shimmering there I fell asleep, still listening to the music of the waves breathing like a psalm beneath my window. Such nights always make me remember what Jean Paul said, 'My soul wept for joy that I could still pray to God; and the joy and the weeping and the faith in Him were my prayer. Is not that beautiful?"

The girl has half forgotten she is speaking aloud. She leans forward, with her pale, pure face upraised, gazing outwards over the wa ers at the stars, whose soft radiance seems beaming in the glance of her dark eyes. The young man at her side watches her and listens, fascinated by the strange subtle difference in this girl from the conventional maidens he has known, and fancying it the difference as between nature and art. Then he answers in that low voice of his, the music of which seems to suit the charm of the hour:

"Yes, it is indeed beautiful. On such nights as this I often lie for hours on the shore alone listening to the ripple of the waves and watching that glittering canopy of stars. One feels better I always fancy for a long gaze up into that beauty—far from earth, nearer to the ideal of one's youthful dreams."

"I have felt like that often," said Marie, "but I thought men never had such fancies as women have. I have dreamed a great deal my life, I sometimes think, in unreal fancies such as you speak of. There is so much work in the world to do and so little is done comparatively. And these dreams—I wonder if it is wise to indulge in them?" wistfully.

"Believe me, yes. Whatever elevates the soul must be good for mind and heart; and the dreams of youth are noble things, to which one looks back in after years with a happy pride, though one has fulfilled none of them."

There is regret in his tone, surely, but in a moment he has shaken it off and continues more lightly, "You have quoted Jean Paul to me once. I wonder how many girls have even read one of his immortal works, to say nothing of understanding them! Do you recollect this—there is something somewhere, when it shall be light and man will awaken from his lofty dreams and find—his dreams still there, and that nothing is gone save h's sleep; you will feel that one day."

"Why, you speak as if you were an old, old man, Mr. Douglas," says the girl, in some surprise at his tone.

He started at her words, "Mr. Douglas," well, why not? This sweet girl—little more than a child, and her father's friend—will. Besides, he remembers that in a moment of lazy mischief he told her s'mply that his name was Douglas. He laughs a little, and the spell that holds them is broken. Half an hour's pleasant chat about trifles, and Mrs. Strange comes out to ask the young man to stay. The young fellow excuses himself to her in some way, and says good-night; and Mrs. Strange leads Marie into the house, among the lights and laughter, feeling that she has dropped again into a different world.

And afterwards, when her dark hair is flowing over her pillow, and her meditations are not of the euchre party, or of the waves washing upon the beach, but of dim sweet starlight, and a low soft voice murmuring—murmuring.

(To be Continued.)

A TRUTH.—It is not in the form of the face that beauty consists, but in brightness of the complexion. This explains the immense popularity of the toilet wash the druggists sell under the name of Persian Lotion.

Leonidas Grimshaw's Revenge.

CHAPTER I.

"Is it true, Marie?" he asked with blanched face and trembling voice. "Has Henry Fitz-Dougherty, my bosom friend—he whom I trusted as my own brother—has he supplanted me in your affections?"

"It is true, Leonidas," said the young lady, turning away coldly.

"False and perdidious friend! Fickle and heartless girl!" howled Leon'das Grimshaw, and he rushed forth from the house and wandered through the deserted streets till the dull, murky tinge of approaching day began to smear itself on the dingy sky. Then he went to his lonely, cheerless room, threw himself on his couch and tried to sleep.

But his feet were very, very cold.

CHAPTER II.

The ceremony that united Henry Fitz-Dougherty and Marie Penjarvis Kershock in marriage, was over. The guests had departed, and the happy bride and exulting groom were looking over the glittering array of presents that had been sent to them.

"I have a little surprise for you, Henry, dear," said Marie, a smile of radiant beauty bi'secting her lovely face.

"What is it, love?" inqu'red Henry.

"Leonidas Grimshaw has sent me a costly and elegant gift."

"That is kind of him."

"Indeed it is. The poor fellow has got over his broken heart. He cherishes only the kindest feelings for us now. See!"

She drew forth from its hiding place a lady's gold watch. It was a small, delicate, richly chased and ornamented affair, with her name engraved on the back, and had cost not less than $27 50 in cash.

CHAPTER III.

With a heavy, listless, uncertain step Henry Fitz-Dougherty entered his palatial home on Prairie avenue and sought his wife's boudoir.

"Marie," he said as he threw himself on the soft, velvety carpet, sat down on a costly work basket and looked at her with bloodshot eyes, "the blow has fallen!"

"What is the matter, Henry?" exclaimed Mrs. Fitz Dougherty in alarm.

"I have tried to weather the storm, Marie," he answered hopelessly, "thinking that a turn in the tide must come, but in vain! We must give up this home. My colossal fortune is gone. It could not stand the drain. The last bill of repairs on this, madam, wipes me completely out. We are beggars!"

And he placed his her lap a small, delicate, richly chased gold watch.

Leonidas Grimshaw was avenged.

Old-Time Preaching.

Ministers of to-day are frequently accused of preaching the vague generalities of Go's Word and of avoiding the more direct and specific messages, from the fear of giving offence to the more liberal members of their churches—those whose liberality includes both purse and practice.

We do not claim that this charge is justly made in the majority of cases, but it forms a most striking relief an instance of old time preaching which was heard by the father of the present writer during his boyhood.

This man was a well known character in the Connecticut town in which the incident occurred. He was a butcher and a very blunt and outspoken man. Although a member of the Baptist church, his pastor was greatly tried by some of his business habits and finally resorted to what could seem but rude means to correct them. His text on the Sabbath in question was, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

"Now," said he, "if a friend of a certain man had just seven hundred dollars and gave that man six hundred of it, and the man stole the seventh hundred, what would you do to the man?"

"Hang him," rang out Uncle Isaac's voice in emphatic response.

"Uncle Isaac, you're the man," said the preacher. "The Lord gave you six days to sell meat in and you s'ole the seventh."

"I won't do it any more," came the prompt answer, and the sermon proceeded. And Uncle Isaac kept his word.—*The Housekeeper.*

What a Man Will Do

A man will walk miles through two feet of snow to go to a dance, but six inches of the stuff will keep him away from church.

A man will get up at four o'clock in the morning to go fishing, but will calmly allow his better half to build the fire before he does so.

A man will spend a half day reading the latest French novel, but let his wife request him to read a chapter from the Bible to the children and immediately his eyes become unfit for use.

A man will tramp the hills and vales from daybreak to sundown in search of the wily partridge and consider it exhilarating exercise, but he will kick like a new shotgun when his wife asks him to take the baby out walking on Sunday afternoon.

It Wasn't Hogs

An old colored man had brought out a pail of water for my horse, and we were talking about the weather and the crops, when a young negro about eighteen years old came out of the woods on the other side of the road. He was bare-headed, bare-footed and had on a torn shirt and a ragged pair of dung-uses. The minute the old man saw him he sh'ed out:

"Boy! I'd like to know what dis yere fuss ing's all about!

"What fussing?" replied the young man.

"Doan you ax me what fussing, sah! I knows yo' boy! You is a nigger who dun works fur Majah Gamble!"

"What if I have?"

"What if yo' does? Why, sah, I'se gwine to tell Jedge Smith dat yo' has bin chas'n one of his hogs!"

"Shoo! Nebber did it!"

"Don't yo' lie to me, boy! Can't I dun see yo' in all dese yeahs? Can't I dun see yo' a-chas'n dem hogs? Didn't dey run right down de track? Of co'se dey did."

"An' did dem kivered kyars cotch up to 'em? Didn't dey run two miles an' den jump into de swamp?"

"Yes, sah, dey did."

"Well, den, was yo' big 'nuff fule to reckon I'd be fussing wid hogs dat could run faster 'n de bullets? I reckon I'se got wings to fly wid? Does I look like a bird?"

He went off up the road, turning to look back occasionally, and when he had passed out of sight around the bend the old man shook his head in a solemn way and said to me:

"I reckon I dun made a powerful mistake wid dat nigger. I sa'd hogs, but I'se dead suah he was arter a calf!"—*New York World.*

Candid.

"Hello, old man, have any luck shooting?"

"I should say I did! Shot seventeen ducks in one shot."

"Were they wild?"

"Well—no—not exactly; but the farmer who owned them was."

A Yankee Argument.

It was in the little village of C——, in the White Mountains. A party of summer boarders from the hotel, including two inquisitive spinsters, had strolled down to the old ford on the P——— to view the sunset.

On the way home, meeting Farmer S——, aged fourscore and ten—the veritable and venerable oldest inhabitant—one of the old maids opened fire.

"Good-evening, Mr. S——," she said. "How dreadfully damp it is down here! Do you think C——— is a healthy place?"

"Wal," replied he of the ninety summers, "I've lived till neow!"

Cheerfully Resigned.

A young gentleman took an overcoat to a would be aristocratic establishment to have it cleaned and repaired. After some figuring on the part of the clerk, he was told it would a nount to thirteen dollars and twenty cents.

"All right," he said. "And would you be willing to take the overcoat as part pay when it's fixed?"

Unwittingly Truthful.

Mrs. Newman—"That stupid grocer is always making mistakes. I got some bread this afternoon, and he charged it on the bill as wood.

Mr. Newman (vigorously sawing at the loaf) —Well, he wasn't so far wrong, after all.

Sad.

"Have a good time at the cotillion last night, Chappie?"

"No. I got a beastly bit of mud on my shoes and they were a my mind all the evening."

"So? Well, you shouldn't carry your brains in your feet."

A Will and a Way.

"A famous lawyer says that to achieve eminence in that profession a young man should go to work with a will."

"That's good advice—especially if it's a very rich man's will."

Couldn't See It

"Glass is a very strange thing," said Mr. Snarleyow to his wife. "If you look at a piece through one of these glasses he becomes a blue man, but all the white glasses in the world won't turn a darky white. Very strange!"

His Brass.

She—Mrs. Jonesby says her great-grandfard time of the patriotic in the revolution, and that a'l the family plate was sacrificed to the cause.

He—Moulded into cannon, was it?

A Time Limit.

"Bridget, did you wind the new thirty day clock?"

"I'm afther givin' it a couple o' turns, mum. I don't be afther windin' it to run beyant the time o' me notice, mum."

Discretion.

Romantic Miss—Do you love me well enough to do battle for me?

Ardent Suitor—Aye, against a thousand.

Romantic Miss—Well, Mr. Bigfish is paying me a good deal of attention. Would you fight him for me?

Ardent Suitor—Yes, I would.

Romantic Miss—Could you defeat him?

Ardent Suitor—N-o, he'd probably thrash the life out of me.

Romantic Miss—Mercy! Well, never mind, I'll take you without any fighting; and, oh, do please remember, my darling, promise me on your honor, that if ever you see Mr. Bigfish coming, you'll run.

The Way of Men.

She—Dear me, Walter, these are terrible things you tell me about Artheus! How do you pretend to know so much of him?

He (a rival of Arthur's for her hand)—Why, Daisy, I'm his best friend.

Nice and Lingering.

Pat had been suffering with a severe and prolonged attack of la grippe.

"Well, Pat," said a friend, meeting him on the street, "I hear you've been having a pretty hard time of it."

"Faith an' I have," said Pat. "An' it's the right name they give it, too, for when it once takes hold of a man it's no mind to let go. It tooke me thrae wakes to fale better after I was intoirely well."

The Harriers.

The members of the well-known Ranelagh Harriers' Club of London, Eng., know what is best when one writes like the following. Mr. W. F. Jefferries, member of the club, says: "I find St. Jacobs Oil the best remedy I have ever used for sprains, stiffness and bruises. It quickly removes pains and swellings, and if rubbed into the muscles it will be found of great benefit to all athletes. I may also add that several friends of mine have found the oil a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia."

It Didn't Sound Right.

Little Dot—Oh, I just love cake. It's awful nice.

Mamma (reprovingly)—You should not say you love cake; say like. Do not say awful; say very. Do not say nice; say good. And, by the way, the word just should be omitted, also the oh. Now, my dear, repeat the sentence correctly.

Little Dot—I like cake; it's very good.

Mamma—That's better.

Little Dot (with an air of disgust)—It sounds as if I was talking 'bout bread.

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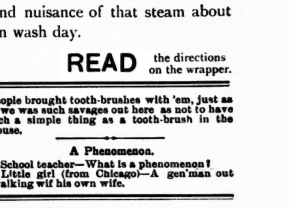

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Poor Laura Colvin.

As a woman of discernment, I claim first place for my friend, Mrs. Colvin. In this I differ from most who know her, for among even her intimates, nothing is more common than the expression: "Poor Laura Colvin!"

This is said in such a way as to make you know instinctively that something more is meant than mere poverty or worldly goods, more, even, than the ordinary bereavements of life that at some time or other fairly entitle us all to the commiserating adjective.

Instinctively, upon hearing it in connection with Laura Colvin, the sympathetic lingering upon the double vowel that so emphasizes the pity and interest of the speaker, you see pictures in your mind the list of greatest sorrows that are possible to womankind.

"Has her lover jilted her?"

"Has the small pox spoiled her beauty?"

"Has her husband left her?"

"Has she made a mesalliance?"

No, her lover has not jilted her. Laura Colvin has been engaged in a good many *affaires du cœur*, but if there ever was any jilting done, she was surely not the one who suffered. This made it all the more hard in the eyes of the world, as you will see later.

Neither had her beauty been spoiled by disease, for there had never been any to spoil. Laura had always been painfully plain, and none were better aware of this than herself. She was rather tall, thin (not slender nor slight, but positively thin), angular, lacking all the sweet curves and graceful roundings of womanhood. Her face was plain; her complexion sallow; there was not even the redeeming feature of a handsome suit of hair—that "crowning glory" that sometimes comes to the saliva. Out of an otherwise unattractive woman, Laura was hopelessly homely, and she had accustomed herself to look at the matter fairly, and had early become calmly resigned to the situation.

Nor had her husband deserted her. Never had two men a more considerate or devoted husband than Sam Colvin was to Laura. He had not deteriorated in this respect—as many men do—when he had changed from the chrysalis state of the lover in a gilt the rights and dignities of the husband. Nothing was wanting on this score, certainly.

There remains but one question to consider: Had Laura made a mesalliance when she married Sam?

Well, you must let me tell you about this, then you can form your own opinion.

In the first place, Laura was pretty well-to-do, that is, her fa her was, and, as she was the only child, it amounted to just the same thing. Early in life she discovered that if she could not be beautiful she could at least have every advantage and accessory that money could procure, and she wisely determined to make the most of these. Mature rather beyond her years, Laura gave herself up conscientiously to tutors, to instructors, to modistes. Having naturally a good mind she did her best to improve it. She studied literature, the languages, science, philosophy; she read constantly. She never made any effort to display her learning, never became pedantic or tiresome; but somehow clever men came to like her society, and more than once the lion of some social gathering was known to leave the allurint smile of beauty for a cosy corner and a quiet chat with her.

Naturally deficient in physical grace, Laura gave to her dancing master and to her dancing lessons as many laborious hours as could be spared from graver tasks; so that men who danced f r the dance's sake, and not for the sake of the dancer; men who liked a partner who kept time with the music, who danced gracefully, who never blundered, liked to take her out; and bashful boys, who were not quite sure of themselves in brilliant assemblies, almost worshipped her for the way she helped them through and veiled their stupidity.

The polite arts she followed assiduously, but not slavishly. She possessed a fair contralto voice, which by cultivation became susceptible to the most exquisite control. She was an accomplished but not a brilliant musician. She was somewhat more of an artist than the average amateur, and knew vastly more art than the average critic.

Now, perhaps, you begin to see the sort of girl that Laura was. She knew her own value, her own capabilities, her own limitations, perfectly. She knew that the first thing that most men looked for in a woman was beauty. That being denied her, she endeavored to possess herself of every attractiveness that would, in any measure tend to compensate for its absence. Not that she was vain, wished to be admired, or any nonsense of that sort. But she liked the companionship of men, and she knew the companionship of men worth having about one was only given to women who were in some way interesting and attractive. And she wanted to taste a little bit of the spice of life. And she presumed that after a while she should want to marry, and she meant to be the a position to choose for herself. So she availled herself of everything that would help in giving her the whip hand, even of the aid of the fashionable modiste, by whose art some of the ungraceful angularities of her figure were discreetly veiled.

The thorough grooming that she gave herself could not fail to tell. As soon as she entered society she became a "popular girl." Bright, sensible, cultivated, she attracted men; and women forgot to be jealous of her because she was not handsome, and consequently not "dangerous." That is, at first. After a while they began to open their eyes. Ned Winfield was the best catch in society that winter. He was in the legislature, and rich enough to be a "reformer." He had written a book that the critics were making much of, and he had a handsome face and a handsome form with his handsome fortune. From the start he began to be a good deal with Laura. He found he could talk with her. She understood him, entered intelligently into schemes that interested him, sympathized with his ambitions. It was the first time that he had ever met in a woman in'elligence that equaled his own. He asked her to marry him.

I must do Laura the justice to say that she had not expected this; at least, not so soon. She had been conscious that she was playing with fire, and the knowledge gave her a tingling, pleasurable sensation that she would have been glad to prolong. She knew perfectly well that she could not marry Ned, but they had been having such good times together that she hated terribly to send him away.

"But why can't you marry me?" he insisted.

"It is not kind nor generous of you to ask me that," she answered.

"Have you been kind or generous to me?" he retorted. "You have let me be with you, learn to know you, to admire you, and now you send me away without a word."

But Laura gave him no satisfaction, and so the young man had to go away and get over it as best he could.

This experience set Laura to thinking, and for a time it came dangerously near to upsetting her creed. This's creed was, as perhaps you have guessed by this time, that no character has much women might be able to attract men by their accomplishments or by the graces of the intellect, they could only succeed by holding them by physical loveliness. That is, all other things being equal. If she had married Ned Winfield, they would have been upon a par as far as intellect, training and social standing go, at the start. After a while he would have discovered that he could just as easily have won some woman who possessed all her advantages, and in addition the beauty and freshness of young womanhood, which she so sadly lacked. And she knew it would be a very bitter day when her husband began to compare her with other women whom he might have had—a day that she had no mind to encounter. But—she would let herself reason—might she not possibly be mistaken? Ned had been very much in earnest. If she had married him, could she not have held him by the same graces with which she had won his love? Possibly; but the risk was too great to be seriously considered.

After that she went a little more cautiously for a time, but the game of flirtation was such an enticing one, there were so many men always ready to play it with her, and she saw so clearly the limitations to which she must finally succumb, that she had not the heart to deny herself any of the pleasures and trophies that could be gathered by the way.

And while, as I have said, the women began to open their eyes in a little while, and called her roundly a flirt, the men never grew to be afraid of her. She was so hopelessly plain, you know. But when they sat with her in the dim twilight, and listened to exquisite music, or a voice singing tender love songs, from which she would turn in an instant to a piquant French ditty, an Italian drinking song, a plaintive German melody, and then back again to the love song as the night grew deeper and the stars came out, somehow they would lose their heads and be saying notes to her than they had meant to before they knew it.

"Why don't she marry and be done with it?" was asked more than once among her friends. "She has certainly had plenty of good chances. But what the men see in her is more than—" Beauty became so absorbed in the reflection of her own charms in the clear mirror that "still the wonder grew" to her that men could see anything in Laura.

Another thing she did men liked her was that she was kind to them all. She never "snubbed" any one; and if some poor fellow was made happy by a word or two, it was no quick enough to hold his own with the other girls, if his position were such that the other men did not give him much consideration, Laura would take him up and make him at ease in a moment, and send him home with his head in the air.

That was the way it was with Sam Colvin. Sam was in the law, and not doing so very well either. He was a pleasant, honest, plodding, hard-working fellow, but big cases didn't seem to come his way.

"I m'ght as well be sawing wood, Miss Laura, for any good I'm doing," he said to her one day, despondently.

Now Laura was able to measure a man's depth pretty well; and while Sam was not brilliant, she knew that he had some ability, but he could not make the opportunity for himself to display it. So, womanlike, she determined to make it for him.

Somehow, it began to be whispered about that there was more in Sam Colvin than men thought. He was conservative and careful. See how he had managed that Jones-Jackson estate. He was getting on in corporation law. The air line road had retained him to defend its interests suits. Ned Winfield had asked Sam to join him in prosecuting the blood-sheet forgery cases.

Laura, who could at that time call any man she chose to her side, began to show a marked preference for Sam. She listened deferentially to his accounts of his work, and of his growing prospects; or, laying aside business, talked to her during an evening's *tete a tete*; and when he asked her, awkwardly and diffidently enough, to marry him, she consented very prettily, and made Sam think he was favored of the gods.

And this is why her friends say: "Poor Laura Colvin." For, from a purely worldly point of view, Sam is the least of the many men who have thrown themselves at her feet. He is a plodding lawyer, he will never be great or rich or famous. He is a little dull socially, but he is a devoted husband. He knows that Laura is the most beautiful and accomplished woman of their set, that all other men envy him his good fortune, and that he is a lucky dog (as indeed he is) to have won her. Each Sabbath morning he goes for him than to sit in the twilight and listen to the music of her as she sings for him, alone; and in this Laura seems to intoxicate him.

For Sam, Laura possesses attributes that far overshadow all defects, and she knows this, and so feels safe. But if she had married Ned Winfield—he is governor of the state now—would she have been so secure?

Now, you see why I claim first place for her as a woman's of discretion. You strike the balance between her and Sam any day, on all the counts, and it still stands in her favor.

"Poor Laura Colvin!" indeed!

But there is a bunch of old letters that Sam never sees; and there is one song that she never sings for him—she was with Ned once—and there is sometimes a lingering thought that, possibly, it might have been.

But when she looks in her mirror—

Excursions.

Special excursions to California and Mexico, at lowest rates, via the Great Wabash line, the shortest, best and quickest route to all west and south-western points. People who want to see the most of the United States will take the Banner route, which runs the finest equipped trains on earth. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets via this line. J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Carnations Will Reign.

The short-lived chrysanthemum, says the Philadelphia Ledger, has been the coveted flower the high position it now occupies in public favor by the carnation, which blooms the year round. While it probably will never be possible to make so large and gorgeous a display, it is possible to bring the carnation to such a degree of perfection as will entitle it to a foremost place.

With this end in view the National Carnation Society was organized about a month ago. The society has for its object the propagation and development of the finest varieties of the carnation through the individual efforts of its members, who are numbered by the thousands throughout the entire country. New seedlings are being produced every year by hybridizing, and particular care will be taken by the society to see that these are properly classified. It is the purpose also of the society to taboo all varieties of inferior quality. The ideal carnation of the future will be about four inches in diameter, and must possess the two all-important qualities of stiffness of stem and clearness of color.

The possibilities of increasing the varieties of the carnation by blending and hybridization are very encouraging, as a prominent florist pointed out yesterday. There are already over a hundred varieties in existence, several of which have been held in popular esteem year after year.

The Crimson King, as the name implies, is of dark red color. It has always been a favorite, although of late years the popular taste runs more to the pink varieties, of which there are many of great merit. The Grace Wilder probably holds the palm among the pinks. Among the whites the honors are evenly divided between the Hinz's and the Puritan. The Buttercup is the yellow par excellence. Several new pink seedlings were brought out this year, and all possess merit, particularly the Mrs. Golfish, Aurora and Grace Bastine, the first mentioned having been brought out by W. J. Golfish of Brooklyn. There are carnations of all colors, except blue, and there is every prospect that the blending of several colors will swell the list of varieties to thousands under the efforts of the new society.

The Beauties of Boxing.

Sensible and healthy on the whole, as became its subject, was the tone of a holiday speech on athletics recently delivered at a dinner given by the Speaker of the House of Commons. But for one word in it, we might regard as true the statement that no fitter outlet for energy, no better remedy for mental strain, existed than moderate indulgence in physical exercise. "Measure," says the poet, "in medicine," and surely never more than in these days might the often-repeated, soon-forgotten name of moderation lay just claim to a share in the interest which belongs to novelty. The life of athletic sport, like that of art, is long, but never aged. Among ourselves it bids fair to flourish with perennial attractiveness and in multiplied variety.

There is also, happily, little room for doubt that the trend reposes in it by the right honorable gentleman as a true correction of lazy, loafing youth will be amply justified by its fast increasing use. We are threatened rather by danger of an opposite kind in the possibility of its abuse by overzealous excess. Young men, and women too, since they also have a muscular system to educate, will therefore do well to be guided by the cautious counsel of the address referred to, and employ themselves in bodily exercises as a means of healthy training, not of record breaking, overstraining, taking care before hand to learn their measure of endurance from some veteran athlete.—*The Lancet.*

The Modern Notion.

New Yorker (gleefully)—My dear, my salary has been raised to $20,000.

His Wife (ecstatically)—Isn't that grand! Now we can afford to give up this unstylish house and old-fashioned garden, and live in a flat.

She Had Him.

Mr. Wickwire—Women do very well when engaged in the minor matters of life, but when it comes to rising to great occasions they are sad failures.

Mrs. Wickwire—I think that I have done about enough rising to grate occasions myself; and, after this, when you want a fire in the morning, you can get up and build it.

At the French Club.

She—Did you succeed in mastering French while abroad?

He—Nearly. I did not succeed in making the Frenchmen comprehend me, nor could I make out what they were driving at; but I found that I could understand myself when I talked.

Value of Contrasts.

Little Boy—Mamma, why are you so cross at me all the time?

Tired Mamma—Because you keep doing wrong, and I want to make an impression on your mind.

Little Boy—Well, mamma, I guess if you'd be good natured just once, it would make a bigger impression.

Knowledge Costs Money.

Irate Patron—See here, sir, I dropped a nickel into this machine, and nothing came out.

Affable—If nothing come out, that shows it's empty.

"But, sir, what do I get for my nickel?"

"Information."

Changed His Mind.

"Marie," he cried, passionately, as he threw hi nself at the feet of the rich widow, "will you be my wife?"

"Yes, John," she murmured, putting her arm about his neck; "it means the sacrifice of my fortune, for my income from my late husband's estate ceases at my second marriage—but my love for you is such—"

"Marie, I can not accept the sacrifice. It is too much. I will be a brother to you."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless solicited by correspondent are not studied.

EDITH LUCY.—Your writing is not quite formed enough for delineation, but gives promise of future interest.

CHICKIAW.—You are determined, generous, impulsive and rather conservative and judgment are good, and carefulness well developed, a good sense of humor is shown.

E. BLACK.—Was this writing sent for delineation? Neither does you name. I'm glad you enjoy the SATURDAY NIGHT. Let me know if you wish a graphological study made of your writing.

CALISTA.—You are slow to express your feelings, very loyal and true, close mouthed and discreet, though not naturally shy. You have the courage of your opinions, a level head, decided temper and some wit.

TRUTH.—Writing shows good ability and selfreliance, independence and fearlessness, writer speaks her mind generally her utterances are worth listening to, some imagination and good judgment are shown, and there is a perverse disposition to criticism with a dash of temper and love of order.

LYRE.—This writing admirably fits the sentiment expressed. It is decided in likes and dislikes, prone to argument, fond of order, lacks judgment and proportion; a strong decided and rather difficult character, full of ideality and yet rather commonplace, selfishness is controlled, but visible.

TULIP.—I am afraid my information is a little behind the times. The Safety can be had for any sum you have to expance. No, you need not promise to buy it. If you are determined to learn, and not the kind, its good for nothing. It will be well for you if you can find some one a good rider who will teach you for about a dollar a lesson.

E. C. B. G.—Yes, if other things are in accord. You are steady and reflective, lack impulsive and quick feelings, have a pretty good opinion of yourself, waste no time on dreams, are rather practically practical, obstinate in opinion and hard to convince, eminently adapted to conduct the trying parts of the profession you mention, ambition also will help you on.

EVANGELINE.—I. Your writing shows affection, caution, reserve and some temper, but you are not apt to give way to the latter. You are not buoyant, don't exhibit air dreams, are too generous to be just, and lack snap and decision. 2. All the letters are rounded, with the exception of the f and long syllables. 3. I should not depend too much on you in an emergency.

OLIVETTE.—Your writing shows laborious effort to do well, but great lack of judgment, proportion and perception. You are generous in affection and confidence, fond of conversation, not always prudent enough, but honest and candid. Writing lacks hope, ambition and tact, but shows fastidious conceits a superior character to many more beautiful.

GUS.—This writing, like the writer, is very original and unique in method and thought. He lacks tact and is very plentiful good humor, and though self-willed is not selfish. He has a good opinion of himself and kindly thoughts of others, generally is independent, but capable of great loyalty and affection; would chafe under restraint, and has periods of despondency which do her no good.

BARNYS FRIEND.—1. I haven't got opinions on Political Economy that would fit in this column. 2. Your writing shows determination, conscientiousness, a good share of ideality, rather a taste for material enjoyments, you are neither awkward nor obtuse, but not remarkable for quickness, and you are more apt to make the best of the present than to look forward to the future. 3 I might say that my ideas are barely credible, though not probably so.

SHADOWS.—1. Give her up to her proper partner, to whom she had promised the dance. 2. Why not?—it was an fault worth mentioning. 3. If your friends persist in to quarrel, and the young girl so far forget the obligations she has undertaken (which she was very careful to incur), he certainly she would return all his gifts. 4. Writing shows sympathy, temper, some ambition, love of creature comforts, generous, sensitive, cautious, and some will and firmness.

JO.—I did not say that there was anything wrong in girls having a deep affection for each other. How could you (safely) tell the difference between the girls all loved of each other than they are. Your writing looks uncomfortable, I can't describe it any other way, shows a decided, level-headed, bright and hopeful nature. Such angular writing says little for your sense of beauty and graceful curves of speech, but as your choice, is not what it will be later on. I shall not study it for a while.

UP PETITE ASOR.—Your boxing letter was very welcome and amused me very much. You are independent, determined, ambitious, witty, not too fond of your own way, but sufficiently careful. You are fond of chat and gossip, sensitive, and though not confiding, frank and outspoken. If I am not behind too far, I should be glad to have the promised Parisian letter. Am sorry it isn't the real Paris thought, for I am sure a letter from there, as the result of your experience, would be worth reading and recall my own.

PUDGE.—I am glad you gave me till Christmas to answer. I am a little ahead of time, but you have waited quite a while. As to the coupon, you grasp the exact situation. Your writing shows energy, prodigal effort, good temper, any amount of fun, optimism, dashed with lapses into doubts and despondency; a many-sided and changeable character that is always taking folks by surprise. You are not apt to loose your grip on a thing until you have quite done with it, and you are very good company.

WEST BAY.—So your delineation was correct all but those two points and you are not canny nor prudent? Well-sir, my Quakeress, you will need some than your own and your chums testimony to go against the evidence of your handwriting, though you can make it easy in fun, you can keep your own counsel when necessary, and I think I would trust you with a secret. So far as being prudent and discreet is concerned, you are not what we bill mean, though when you thought you were writing for a delineation you were more careful than the second letter shows you to be. Very glad you are getting acquainted and hope you will make lots of friends I haven't the least doubt you will.

YAHOO.—For reasons you may divine I am answering you out of your turn. Your writing shows an impulsive, clever, impulsive nature, with a whole-souled share of conceit, and touchy temper, a warm affection and charm for those near and dear to you. You are a little bit selfish but only evince it in a love of comfort and ease which seems natural to persons of your nature. You can be discreet when necessary, and at my place, is not you only do your best when encouraged by it. I should fancy you fairly popular and bright in society, and have good taste, and some talent for music, what you lack is tact, sympath, and hope, but are quite nice enough without them. My love to you!

ILLIAN R.—1. I should certainly go and speak to them very graciously, but it is not necessary to shake hands. A lady can be very polite without shaking hands. 2. Sir, I think it would be more dignified to let him overtake you, then you could bow and speak, if you saw he expected it. 3 Certainly not, the obligation is on him to thank you, he asked the privilege, say, "yes, with pleasure," or "I am sorry I cannot accompany you at an engaged or free. 4 This writing shows perseverance, love of social intercourse, some musical taste, good ability, not much sense of beauty, nor intuitive perception; the writer is selfconscious but not awkward, her impulses are elevated, her judgment kind.

AVALON.—If a fellow feeling begets kindness, please consider my kindly feelings aroused by your informative letter regarding that interesting country. I have had a specimen of his kind, and it was very wide of the mark, as he berated the British and their institutions, and displayed no democratic and useless personage. Your writing shows a determined optimism, some imagination, prudence and clearness in expression and excellent judgment. Like Betsey Bobbets you aim to soar, but there are lines which will prevent your soaring out of sight. You are not that kind of method, nor very particular about the smaller details, but then you are not of the cut-and-dried variety, and your carelessness does not mar an extremely sympathetic, tactful and amiable character.

HAZ.—I received your charming letter, just as I was leaving for your part of the country; as perhaps you saw by some remarks in another column, I only passed through, but when weather permits I am coming to see you. It would be a very great treat to do so. I think I know just where you live. I am so glad you got through the summer all right, should enjoy hearing what you are doing now. Won't you write again? Your writing is extremely characteristic, and you have delineated it well. If the coupon is asked for that may be only done for the actual subscribers to the paper. I was overrun with readers of a very interesting and uninteresting class before the coupon was demanded. Your writing shows capability, adaptability, willing and amiable, but not easily led, curious to succeed, but you are too prone to despond. You are tenacious and full of plans, and though you are fond of society and a good deal of conversation, the mind does put any knicknacks into your talk. Your writing gives me the impression of strength of will, feeling and purpose, some also of lack of control and discipline. Altogether I think you are a girl I could be very fond of, on closer knowledge.

ZIZA.—Thanks for your kind wishes. Glad your last letter very much. 2 When you present a gentleman to a lady, ask to be permitted to introduce Mr. So-and-So, saying either the first Mr. or the surname. If the gentleman be of great age, or of distinguished social position or a notability of any sort, you precede the lady by him, unless she be a person of some queence, just reversing the order. Never say "I know me to make you acquainted," etc. That is very vulgar. Say, "Mr. So-and-So, I'd Happy to make your acquaintance," which is, if possible, worse. After having spoken a gentleman's name, never repeat it, unless it is so graceful and not at all *infra dig* to say modestly: "I am glad to have met you," or, "I trust we shall meet again." Thanks to longer your acquaintance." These pretty things must be said very modestly, and they are always successful. 3 I am sorry you feel so lonely and cut off from any opportunity for conversation. Shall be glad to hear from you again. 4 Your writing shows some duality, impulsive, amiability and tact. You are fond of fun, and though neither careful nor methodical, have fair love of order. Although you are independent, you are not too proud to hopeful or ambitious; have a little self-will not much generosity nor very warm emotions are very fond of society and probably an ornament to it.

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No Health There.

Mrs. De Fashion—So you were at Health Springs during the summer. How did you like it.

Mrs. De Style—Well, the place is pretty enough, but I didn't think much of the water. It didn't taste bad at all.

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First Tot—What do you think? Mrs. Smith's new baby hasn't any teeth.

Second Tot—Oh, well, that's nothing. Its pa is a dentist.

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Magic Lanterns, with 12 slides or scenes, each 49c., worth $1.00, and 96c., worth $2, $1.49, worth $3, $2 49, worth $5.

A great assortment of toys, from 1c. each up, usually 3c. up. See our new patterns in fine purses imported directly from the greatest factories in Paris, 5c. for a small strong one, with clasp, worth 7c., up to 69c. Sold nowhere else for less than $1.00. Bill Books, 50c., worth $1. Cigar Holders, 25c., worth 50. Remember samples and books cost only 1c. for 4 oz. to any part of the Dominion or the United States, which must be sent in addition to the price. The Fancy Series, Elsie Series, Ruby Series, beautifully bound, 19c. each. These should be in every house and every Sunday School Library. Well bound, 12 mo., nearly all great authors, 19c., and best bound, 25 cts. Bibles, 25c. worth 50c. everywhere. A great show of Picture Books from 1c. up to 75c., usually 5c. to 75c. Illustrated books in great variety. Scarf and Girls' Own Annual, $1.64, worth $2. Dore illustrated Bible, Milton, etc., $1 64, worth $2.50. Send for our fuller catalogue. Our space is up. Come and see us.

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THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Music.

THE first of the season's concerts by our local societies was given at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, before a large audience which nearly filled the edifice. The Haslam Vocal Society was thus the pioneer of the season, and presented an exceedingly enjoyable programme to the great satisfaction of the audience. The efforts of the society, as well as those of the Musin Concert Company, whose members provided the solos, were received with hearty applause which elicited many encores. The singing of the society was in many instances fully up to the high standard which the conductor, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, has set up as his ideal. The balance of tone was good, although the altos and basses were not quite equal to the other voices in weight of tone, while the tenors had not the silvery quality that distinguished them last year. The attacks were prompt and decided but the closing chords lacked unity of purpose, many voices holding on after the body of singers had stopped. The general singing of the society was of such excellence that the faults to be enumerated were principally minor ones. The first piece sung by the society was Caldicott's Message, and was well rendered, though some shy shots at the higher notes were made by the sopranos. Stars of the Summer Night, by Smart, was finely shaded, but the staccato points were obscured by the sopranos. The Song of the Fair Spinner was exceedingly well rendered, and at its close Mr. Haslam was recalled, a similar fate awaiting him for the spirited rendition of the Cruikshank Lawn. The climax of excellence was reached in the rendering of Gounod's noble Motett, O Day of Penitence. It is a grand work, of no mean difficulty, abounding as it does in chromatic changes, and that the chorus maintained its pitch throughout is no small credit to its training and singing. Some of the best effects were imperilled by a lusty baritone, who would insist upon attempting solo work when everyone else was quiet. The pieces sung by ladies alone, and by men alone, were not successes. The Lost Chord, by the ladies, lacked delicacy and phrasing, besides being hurried in tempo, in addition to which there was no climax at the "Grand Amen" which every singer would have looked for. The Miserere chorus from Trovatore was deficient in accentuation, and the chorus and soloists seemed to have somewhat divergent views as its close, partly owing to the vagarious tendency of the sopranos, and partly to the unnecessary division of the beats by the conductor.

*

The soloists were amply satisfactory. M. Ovide Musin has been here too often to need criticism at this late day, and he fully sustained his high repute. He completely satisfies me, though I am only an individual. Whatever he may be when he essays the severer classes of violin music, he is *facile princeps* in the peculiar *genre* to which he has attached himself. The rich, round tone of his cantabiles, and the smooth glissando of his passage playing are comforting in their serenity. Then he is an honest player; there is no *ad captandum* effect tried, no giggling, and no affectation of difficulty. All is the exposition of a warm, generous temperament. Mme. Tanner-Musin has evidently been making some studies in the French school. While she sings with delightful ease and certainty and executes her arpeggi with most lovable crispness, I do not like her contrasts of tone quality. Her voice is smoother and more velvety than of yore, but her middle register has acquired an assertiveness that is not refined and which would be a deplorable model for our students to copy. Contrasted with the beautiful work of a thoroughly equalized voice, her singing reminds me of the violinist who deserts the neighborhood of his bridge and plays over his finger-board. Still she gave an exceedingly acceptable rendition of Proch's Air Varie, and her singing of the Pre Aux Clercs aria, enhanced as it was by M. Musin's obligato, was very pleasing. Her encore songs—a pretty little French trifle, Ou Viens-tu, mon Tresor, and Gounod's Slumber Song, were prettily rendered, the latter being somewhat spoiled by an accented rendering of the final turn. The basso, Herr Emil Senger, evidently a German, gave an English rendering of an Aria from Halery's La Juive, itemized on the programme with a French title, showing a most liberal lingual catholicity. However, he sang well, and although one of the morning papers called him a tenor, he succeeded in bringing out a full-toned low C, which made him friends with the audience at once. A similar effort on the part of M. Roger Dupuy, who wrung out a high B flat, was rewarded by similar good feeling. This gentleman's tone is hard and nasal and his upper notes have an uncomfortable suggestion of fragility. In the Rigoletto quartette he sang his part in French, while the other singers sang in Italian. It would almost seem worth M. Dupuy's while to acquire the pronunciation of the few Italian words falling to his share, even if he is generally unfamiliar with the language, in order to present a better rounded performance of this masterpiece. It was fairly well sung, the steadiness of tempo observed being disappointing. The pianist was announced on the programme as Herr Eduard Scharf, but he was not the Eduard Scharf who has been here before with M. Musin. He gave a leisurely rendering of Liszt's E flat Polonaise, but played the soloists' accompaniments exquisitely.

*

The other vocal society—the Toronto—will give its first concert of the season on Thursday next, when in addition to a well chosen programme of part-songs, under the direction of Mr. Edgar Buck, the assisting artists will be Miss Olive Fremstadt, a popular contralto from Sweden, the land where they seem to have a copyright on low-toned contraltos; Miss Irene Gurney, our popular young pianist, and Mr. Victor Herbert, violincello soloist, and subconductor of the great Anton Seidl Orchestra of New York; a most excellent array of solo talent. The plan of seats is now open at Nordheimer's for subscribers, and will be opened to the general public on Monday.

*

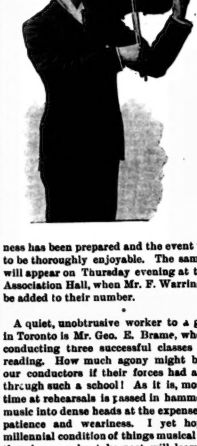
Mr. W. Edgar Buck gave a most interesting lecture-concert at Association Hall on Wednesday evening of last week before a large audience, in support of the Children's Aid Society. He gave a dissertation, in well chosen phrases, on the voice, its mechanism, production and development, and then went on to enlarge upon the details of the art of singing. Being interspersed with vocal selections the technical details were not made wearisome to his hearers. A chorus of thirty-five ladies sang some concerted music very acceptably, and solos were sung by Mrs. F. Eddis, Miss E. Patrick, Miss Spurway, Miss Emma Mills, Mrs. Prince, Miss Fahey, Mr. F. Eddis and Mr. Buck.

*

On Saturday last a large number of listeners attended the third organ recital given at All Saints' Church, by Mr. W. E Fairclough. He played Mendelssohn's prelude in D minor; Mozart's Andante from Fifth Quintette and Fantasia in F minor; two choice preludes by J. S. Bach; Schumann's Canon in B minor; Widor's Allegro Cantabile; Lemmens' Storm Fantasia, and Meyerbeer's Coronation March.

*

On Monday evening Mrs. Caldwell, soprano; Master George Fox, the young Hamilton violinist, and Miss Sara Lord Bailey, the popular Boston reader, will give a concert at Association Hall. A programme of great attractiveness has been prepared and the event promises to be thoroughly enjoyable. The same artists will appear on Thursday evening at the West Association Hall, when Mr. F. Warrington will be added to their number.



*

A quiet, unobtrusive worker to a good end in Toronto is Mr. Geo. E. Brame, who is now conducting three successful classes in sight reading. How much agony might be spared our conductors if their forces had all passed through such a school! As it is, most of the time at rehearsals is passed in hammering the music into dense heads at the expense of much patience and weariness. I yet hope for a millennial condition of things musical when all the singers who take part will learn to sing before they join a chorus.

*

The Harmony Club is meeting with great success in its preparation of The Beggar Student, and will close its lists at the rehearsal to-night.

*

The Lacrosse Club is going to enter the lists of musical aspirants, and is organizing a minstrel club on a large scale, under the direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch, which will appear in public on February 4, 5 and 6.

*

Cellier & Gilbert's new opera will soon be out. It will be published simultaneously in London, New York and Toronto, being in the hands of Messrs. I. Suckling & Son for the latter place.

*

At Mr. Boscovitz's lecture-concert on Monday week the vocalists will be Miss Lash and Mr. T. D. Beddoe. Miss Lash will sing A Winter Lullaby by De Koven, and a duett, Bella Napoli, by Boscovitz, with Mr. Beddoe, that gentleman singing a new song of Mr. Boscovitz's entitled, For Thee and Thee Alone.

*

The literature on the subject of the proposed Musical Festival of 1892 comes in as slowly as the festival itself. The latest is the following strong opinion from a former Torontonian, now resident in New York:

METRONOME.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7, 1891.

DEAR METRONOME,—As an old Torontonian who had considerable to do with the musical festival of 1886, I have read with interest the discussion regarding another such undertaking in 1892. One thing, however, puzzles me, and that is why is such frequent reference made to the Damrosch Orchestra! If the people of Toronto really knew the nature of this organization they would not consider its engagement for one moment. The Damrosch Orchestra, which I frequently have to hear, is like a magnificent army led by a fifth-rate general, whose main qualifications are an overpowering self-esteem. Mr. Damrosch is a miserable conductor when it comes to ensemble work or accompanying, and he lives in New York on the fact that he is the son-in-law of James G. Blaine, and that Andrew Carnegie put up a splendid music hall for him.

If it is really desirable to have a Festival in 1892 and to import an orchestra (which I think would be a grand and costly mistake), let them engage Mr. Anton Seidl, one of the greatest conductors of modern times, and who stands head and shoulders above every other director in America, not even excepting Mr. Nikisch. In Mr. Seidl the musician and the man are pre-eminent, his tremendous abilities keeping him to the front in New York City without effort on his part, and in spite of the intriguing schemes to pull him down. If a foreign conductor and foreign orchestra are to take part in 1892, Anton Seidl and his orchestra should be chosen without hesitation.

NEW YORK.

Worse and Worse.

Mrs. O'Hara—It is in great trouble oi am. Me husband has been sint to jail.

Mrs. O'Toole—Shure and it's nothing you have to complain av. Moi husband gets out av jail nixt wake. Ochone! ochone!

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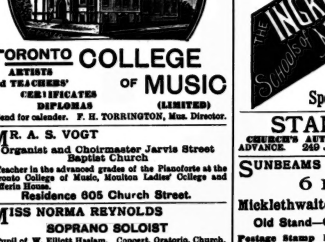

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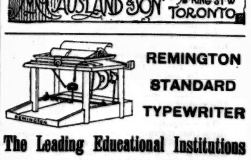

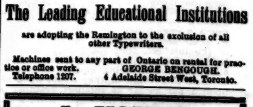

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You May Believe This.

The Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT for 1891 has been met with remarkable favor. In many respects the book is not what its publishers desired to have had it, but when compared with much-advertised and unduly praised competitors the quiet confidence which made it apparent that the proper manner to introduce a permanent enterprise to the people of Canada is not by spending everything there is in it in advertising, has been justified. It cannot be said that the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT'S Christmas have been unduly laudatory of their work, and now that all the other publications are well in the market the buyers are invited to observe the fact that the pictorial supplement of the holiday number of this paper is artistically and in every way superior to everything that has been issued by French, English or any Canadian publishers other than the proprietors of SATURDAY NIGHT. The subject may not be pleasing to everyone but it is artistic and beautiful beyond comparison, and is a worthy exemplification of the publishers idea that the paper will best succeed which gives all it can possibly afford for the money, and year in and year out, becomes more worthy of the confidence of the general public. Advertising fakes and smart dodges may make money for a year, though it has been proven that it is quite possible for them to be a failure from the very beginning, but SATURDAY NIGHT'S old-fashioned methods after all secure the only *clientele* that is permanent and the only business that is prosperous. One paper after another has tried the spread-eagle Christmas business; efforts have been made to show that the publication office has almost been torn down to obtain copies, and yet during the time that five holiday numbers of SATURDAY NIGHT have appeared the graveyard of bombast has been filled with the tomb stones of those who have gone out of the pictorial and holiday business.

Canada as to population is a small country and can be looked to to support nothing but a carefully conducted Christmas enterprise in the way of pictorial editions. So far SATURDAY NIGHT has been successful in producing the best of these. It has not spent its money in exciting people to the belief that they will get something better than can be afforded. Every dollar to be expended has been put upon the work itself. Already it can be said that the issue for this year has been remarkably successful, and within ten days it will be sold out and operations for the publication of a much more pretentious number for next year will have been begun.

The excellence of the work can be guaranteed in advance. It will not be syndicate work, but the publishing enterprise of SATURDAY NIGHT'S Christmas has been extended beyond the borders of Canada and nothing in the world will be more beautiful, more artistic or contain the names of more world-wide and famous authors than will grace the pages of its next year's issue. It will be Canadian, for the whole enterprise will be conducted from Toronto, but the publication centers will extend the world over and it will be impossible for any rivals which have not expended in their management thousands of dollars to obtain the machinery or the opportunities which will make SATURDAY NIGHT'S next year's number a classic amongst Christmas publications. If this money were to be expended on a Canadian number alone it would mean a loss of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, but as it has been arranged the pictures, romances, poetry and art are to be world-wide in their acceptability, and the number itself will be merchantable wherever the English language is spoken. Very few such large enterprises emanate from Canada, and it will be an advertisement of the country as well as an acceptable piece of literature and art.

It cannot be denied that much of the work will be done in Europe, much of the illustration in New York, but it will be Canadian all through. Other enterprises have expended their strength and failed. SATURDAY NIGHT has held its own and through the kindness of the people of this country has been successful. Next year it will repay the generosity of its patrons by attempting here and elsewhere to have not only the best colored supplement, but the best book that was ever produced by any newspaper in any country at any time.

His Excuse.

MRS. GAZZAM (as she came in from church)—Sometimes it is very hard work to listen to Dr. Thirdly's sermons.

GAZZAM—That's the reason I don't go to church. I don't believe in working on Sunday.

Niobe.

No comedy in recent years comes to us with a stronger New York endorsement than Niobe, which will be seen for the first time in Toronto on Monday evening next at the Academy of Music. It is the joint work of the well known English authors, Harry and Edward Paulton, who became famous by their clever work as the writers of the Libretto of Erminie. Niobe is really a high-class farcical comedy, but the public mind has become so impressed with the idea that farce comedy is naught but a series of song and dance specialties, contortions and acrobatic acts, strung together without semblance or plot, that Abbott & Teal have hit upon the title Fantastic for their comedy, hoping thereby to disabuse the theater going public of the impression that Niobe is yet another farce comedy of the type recently in vogue. The cast is of the best and includes Miss Isabella Coe, who will be remembered in Toronto as the beautiful Mrs. Meredith of Nat Goodwin's company. Niobe ought to do a big week in Toronto, as our amusement lovers are hungry for something really good in the comedy line.

PER SS.

La GASCOGNE

We this week received from Paris our final shipment of the goods purchased during our recent visit to the European markets.

Did you know that this autumn we paid into the Custom House for duties the largest cheque ever paid by a retail jewelry house in this city? Well, it is a fact nevertheless, and you know what that means. The markets of England, France, Austria, Germany and America have contributed to our stock. And these goods have all been bought RIGHT. Right in price, because purchased in every instance direct from the makers, and right in style and quality because, having been born in this city and having grown up with our business, we know just what is needed and have made our selections personally.

Our stock is a most comprehensive one—it can accommodate all purses. Take opera glasses for instances, we can show you a line the like of which has never been seen in this city, ranging from $2.50 to $30 each; Evening Fans, all the way from $1 to $40 each. Our Watches range from 275 cents to 275 dollars; our clocks from $1 to $285 each; and so with anything you mention. Our prices extend from the moderate to the extreme.

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NOTICE

A general meeting of the shareholders of the Sheppard Publishing Company (Limited) will be held at offices of the said company on

Tuesday, December 29, 1891

AT 3 O'CLOCK P.M.,

When the annual statement will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing year.

J. A. TAYLOR, Secretary.

HELPING HAND MISSION

BENEFIT CONCERT

Association Hall, Dec. 14

Boston's Favorite Elocutionist

Sara Lord Bailey

Canada's Favorite Soprano. Mrs. Caldwell and Mr. Geo. Fox (Violinist) of Hamilton

MRS. H. M. BLIGHT.....Pianist

Plan open at Nordheimer's December 7.
General admission 25c. Reserved seats 50c.

Academy of Music

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY December 14

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

The Greatest of all Comedy Successes

NIOBE

ALL LAUGHTER

By Harry and Edward Paulton

The English authors of Erminie.

Presented by the same cast that made it such a big success during its run of

100 Nights in Boston

and over

100 Nights in New York

SEATS NOW ON SALE

Next Attraction---"The Tar and the Tartar"

WEST ASSOCIATION HALL

Thursday, December 17

A treat for the West End residents. The best array of talent that has yet appeared.

Sara Lord Bailey

Boston's Brilliant Elocutionist.

MRS. CALDWELL, Soprano.

MR. GEO. FOX, Canada's Leading Violinist.

MR. FRED WARRINGTON, Toronto's Popular Baritone

MRS. H. M. BLIGHT, Pianist.

General admission 25c. Reserved seats 50c. Plan open at Hall.

N. B.—Carriages may be ordered for 10 o'clock.

DOUGLAS BIRD, Tenor Soloist
CONCERT, CHURCH, ORATORIO
For terms address— 44 Pembroke St., Toronto

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Dressing Cases, with	8	pieces	$5.25
" "	9	"	6.00
" "	10	"	7.00
" "	11	"	8.00
" "	12	"	9.00
" "	14	"	10.00
" "	15	"	12.00
" " extra	15	"	15.00

Toilet Bags from $10 to $100, fitted for either Lady or Gentleman

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27 & 29 King St., Toronto.

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THE PHONOGRAPH SOIREE is the latest novelty in London, Paris and New York drawing-rooms. We rent instruments, in charge of polite attendants, for this purpose and for church and society entertainments.

LADIES should visit our PHONOGRAPH PARLOR connected with the Agency. Handsomely and comfortably furnished. Only 50 to hear any one of 200 choicest musical and spoken records.

SUGGESTIONS

FOR PRESENTS

Dinner Sets	From $5.50 to	$150.00
Tea Sets	From 2.00 to	125.00
5 o'Clock Sets	From 3.50 to	30.00
Salad Sets	From 3.00 to	15.00
Fish Sets	From 10.00 to	25.00
Banquet Lamps	From 4.50 to	70.00
Piano Lamps	From 6.00 to	50.00
Table Lamps	From 3.50 to	15.00
Fancy Pieces of Art Pottery		All prices

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WEDDING SUPPLIES
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SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Warerooms: - - 117 King Street West, Toronto

I have often given my friends advice how to dress correctly. The advice was always to go to some tailor in whom they had perfect confidence, and then let the tailor use his judgment in regard to the cloth, the color and the style of the garment. The result invariably is that the person is not only well dressed, but is dressed becomingly. I was forcibly reminded of this the other day as I stepped into Mr. H. A. Taylor's tailoring establishment on King street west. "Did you notice the gentleman who just left me," said he. "He has selected cloth for a suit of clothes which is among the oldest I have in stock. I advised him against the selection, showing him the new patterns I have just received. But to no purpose. He came here with preconceived notions of selecting cloth he had worn for years, and he wanted something very similar. The consequence is he will wear this winter what he wore last winter and the winter before. It is pretty cloth, but the pattern is old. He should have taken some of these new patterns. They are odd and exceedingly pretty. In suitings this coming winter the prevailing color will be all the shades of brown with small figures. In rough goods Scotch cheviots for business suits will be much worn. These cloths are all dark colors, and as you can see for yourself are much prettier than we have had for years. For evening wear bar diagonals with fancy vests and light trousers are the correct thing. In trousering pronounced plaids will be in greater favor than last year. In fact, all the cloths this season have more life and the patterns are more pronounced than in years past. Dull colors and patterns undoubtedly have seen their day." Call and inspect at the old stand, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

MISS HOLLAND

112 Yonge Street

French and American Millinery, Dress Bonnets, Hats and Caps, suitable for the coming Christmas Season, also Widow's Caps.

THE MANTLE DEPARTMENT

Under Miss Duffy, is still well stocked with leading styles, which, in order to close, have been marked down to prices even lower than ever.

Dressmaking in all its branches at reasonable charges.

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100 & 102 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

WHEN wanting a carriage of any description don't fail to call at our repository and see the LARGEST and FINEST display of all kinds of vehicles in the Dominion.

McKendry's Greeting

TO THE

READERS OF SATURDAY NIGHT

Slap, Bang, Here We are Again!

McKendry Once More on the War Path

Having just completed the fixing up for Christmas of our Elegant Basement Bazar, we are prepared to offer to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT the choicest assortment of Christmas Novelties ever classed together under one roof. Lighted by electricity, carpeted and comfortably furnished, it presents a very pleasing appearance to the worn-out purchaser who is sick of the shoppy look of the surrounding stores.

Our Bazar is fitted up, not only to sell our goods, but to be pleasurable and comfortable for our customers.

Bamboo at the Lowest Possible Prices

In our Basement Bazar

Mothers bring the little ones around and give them an hour of solid fun. Musical Boxes, Mechanical Toys, &c., always going. See our 5c., 10c. and 25c. Toy Counters. Purchasers from these counters save 100 per cent.

Dry Goods and Millinery away down next week.

Don't forget Monday, McKendry's Bargain Day.

Mantles at Rock Bottom Prices—40 and 50 per cent. off all Mantles.

McKENDRY'S 202

6 Doors north of Queen on Yonge St.

NEW MUSIC

POLKA POLONAISE (By Prof. Davis).....40c.

WALTZ MINUET (By Prof. Davis).....60c.

The NEWEST, SWEETEST, NEATEST and BRIGHTEST music, and the most GRACEFUL, MODEST, REFINED, ELEGANT and ARTISTIC dances of the period. Taught by the profession everywhere. Of all music stores, or the composer and publisher.

PROF. DAVIS (College of Dancing)

102 Wilton Ave., Toronto

Thirty-third season in Toronto.

THE LAST AND BEST

(Cut this out; it will not appear again)

THE FIRESIDE WEEKLY having become celebrated for its impartiality and promptitude in conducting Prize Competitions, has determined to give the public one GRAND CLOSING PUZZLE CONTEST with a greater prize list than has yet been offered.

$1,000 IN CASH PRIZES

For the correct reading of the puzzle herewith presented, $1,000 in Cash Prizes will be given, divided into three sections of $333 each, First, Middle and Last, as follows:

First Prize	$200	Second Prize	$50
Third Prize	25	Next Two, $10 each	20
Next Four, $5 each	20	Next Eighteen, $1 each	18

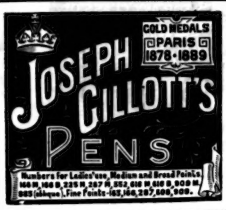
These prizes will be given for the FIRST correct answers, the LAST correct answers and the correct answers midway between first and last. For the First List of Prizes, amounting to $333, no answer will be received post marked earlier than December 15, 1891, and for the Last List of Prizes no answer will be received post marked later than February 1, 1892. In addition to the cash prizes, gift s, valued at from $1 to $10, will be given for every correct answer mailed before January 1, 1892. Prize winners will be personally notified and full prize list published.

RULES—The Puzzle here given must be correctly read to win a prize, and $1 for 6 months' subscription, must accompany each solution. Answers must be sent by mail not earlier than December 15 and not later than February 1. The FIRESIDE WEEKLY is the best family paper published in Canada, and is justly popular in thousands of homes, and it is to introduce it to new readers that these great prizes are offered. Sample copies may be obtained from all newsdealers or from the office at five cents each. The Puzzle is no new paper; it has been established twelve years.

THE FIRESIDE WEEKLY
[9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto

Every Succeeds Deserves Success: all Try & in Endeavor Cure

Can you read it?



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Asthma, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Diabetes, Uterine Pustule, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all chronic difficult or obscure diseases.
LADIES—All displacements and enlargements of the womb cured. Treatment new and pleasant.

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Residence 145 College Avenue. Hours 12 till 2 p.m., and Sundays. Telephone 5499.
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JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street, HOMŒOPATHIST
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen St. West, between Portland and Bathurst Sts. No witnesses required. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 356 Bathurst St.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
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All the leading odors of the best makers.
CUT GLASS BOTTLES
At wholesale prices.
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A large assortment.
ODOR CASES
All the select designs.
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The latest.
Bingham's Pharmacy, 100 Yonge St.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

DIXSON—Dec. 2, Mrs. A. G. Dixson—a daughter (stillborn)
FLETT—Nov. 29, Mrs. F. W. Flett—a son.
JEFFS—Nov. 29, Mrs. W. H. Jeffs—a son.
LOVELL—Dec. 2, Mrs. G. J. Lovell—a daughter.
MCKINNON—Dec. 2, Mrs. McKinnon—a son.
PARSONS—Dec. 2, Mrs G. Parsons—a son.
McPHEDRAN—Nov. 28, Mrs. A. McPhedran—a daughter.
WRONG—Dec. 1, Mrs. G. M. Wrong—a son.
BURNS—Nov. 30, Mrs. R. Burns—a son.
TAYLOR—Dec. 6, Mrs. G. W. Taylor—a son.
PIPON—Dec. 4, Mrs. John H. Pipon.
REYNOLDS—Dec. 4, Mrs. E. J. Reynolds—a son.
PATTISON—Nov. 30, Mrs. A. J. Pattison—a son.
MONCRIEFF—Dec. 3, Mrs. W. G. Moncrieff—a son.
WALKER—Dec. 6, Mrs. H. R. Walker—a son.
O'SEARA—Dec. 7, Mrs. T. S. O'Seara—a daughter.
MACLEAN—Dec. 1, Mrs. A. B. Maclean—a son.
SOLMES—Dec. 6, Mrs. R. R. Solmes—a son.
LEPPER—Dec. 7, Mrs. Lepper—a son.
KILBIRN—Dec. 4, Mrs. G. H. Kilbirn—a son.
GILLARD—Dec. 4, Mrs. M. J. Gillard—a son.

Marriages.

KEMP—WATTS—On Wednesday morning, December 9, by Rev. John Saunders, M. A., Chairman Simcoe District, at the residence of the bride's parents, Port Dover, Ontario, Rev. H. E. W. Kemp of Coldwater Circuit, Toronto Conference, to Emma Louise, elder daughter of W. H. Watts. No cards.
WILSON—WHITE—At Toronto, on Dec. 9, Charles E. Wilson of Hamilton to Maggie E., eldest daughter of Henry G. White, Bathurst street, Davenport Hill.
HOLMAN—DRUMMOND—Nov. 28, Edward Holman to M. E. Drummond.
KELLY—HAGER—Nov. 25, James Kelly to Mary Hager.
TURNER—FARTHING—June 3, 1891, W. L. Turner to Celia Farthing.
McGILLIVRAY—ARGO—Dec. 3, Charles McGillivray to Catherine Argo
LEES—ROBERTSON—Dec. 2, William Lees to Annie R. Robertson.
VERSPRELLA—HILL—Dec. 2, Harry Versprella to Mary Hill.
PICKFORD—SPARROW—Dec. 2, Thos. H. Pickford to Minnie Sparrow.
DIXON—MUNROE—Nov. 7, Alpheus Dixon to Ella Munroe.
McKIM—CROWE—Dec. 2, Wm. McKim to Clara Crowe.
PARK—SYMONS—Nov. 18, Will S. Park to Hetty Symons.
ROBERTSON—McCUAIG—Dec. 1, J. W. Robertson to Henrietta McCuaig.
GIBSON—BURKHAM—Dec. 2, David J. Gibson to Mary Burkham.
WILLIAMS—McLAUGHLIN—Dec. 2, Osborne Williams to Margaret McLaughlin.
FOGET—WALKER—Dec. 2, Herman Foget to Kate Walker.
EDWARDS—TOOZE—Dec 2, John Edwards to Tily Tooze.

Deaths.

PETTIGREW.—Dec. 7, Samuel Edgar Pettigrew, aged 40.
BRYANT.—Dec. 4, Sarah Ann Bryant.
WATSON.—Dec 4, John H. Watson, aged 26.
GRAY.—Dec 3, Arthur Gray, aged 4.
ALDERDICE.—Dec. 8, Mrs M. A. Alderdice, aged 57.
WILSON.—Dec 8, Annie Muriel Wilson.
McCOWAN.—Dec. 3, Georgiana McCowan, aged 35.
LAING.—Dec. 4, William Laing, aged 72.
ELLISON.—Dec. 7, Jane Ellison, aged 80.
MONKMAN.—Dec. 7, Duke Monkman, aged 61.
STEWART.—Nov. 28, J. W. H Stewart, aged 30.
MITCHELL.—John Mitchell, aged 63.
RUTHERFORD.—Dec. 1, Elizabeth Rutherford.
GORMLEY—Nov. 30, Thos. J. Gormley, aged 28.
GUNN.—Dec. 1, Susan Gunn.
CULLITON.—Dec 3, Patrick Culliton, aged 44
HEWGILL.—Nov 30, Gerasimus Hewgill, aged 28.
THOMSON.—Dec 3, Ida May Thomson, aged 3.
DEVINS—Dec. 4, Helena Devens, aged 60.
MITCHELL—Dec. 6 James Mitchell, aged 21.
MILLS.—Dec. 1, William Mills, aged 78.
VILLIERS.—Dec. 1, Jane Villiers, aged 85.
WATT.—Nov. 29, Marguerite Watt, aged 11.
MUNRO.—Dec. 2, F. W. Munro, aged 40.
WILLIAMS.—Dec. 4, Francis Bird Williams, aged 11 months.
MUNGER.—Nov. 28, Frances Munger, aged 89.
HEARN.—Dec. 1, Mary Leonora Hearn.
SKAIN.—Dec. 4, John Shale Skain aged 28.
DOLLAR—California, Robert Dollar, aged 8.
COOMBE.—Dec; John Coombe, aged 66.
JENKINSON—Dec. 6, Bertha W. Jenkinson, aged 4.
BARRADELL.—Dec., Thomas Barradell, aged 65.

RICH CUT GLASS
A choice selection of SPECIAL DESIGNS just opened.
Royal Dresden
Royal Worcester
Doulton, &c.
WILLIAM JUNOR
TELEPHONE 2177
109 King Street West, Toronto

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This department contains all the leading novelties of the present season, and as Furs of all descriptions are now so popular, and surely nothing could be more conducive to the comfort of ladies, we have laid ourselves out to meet all the requirements of the same.
NOTE THE FOLLOWING---Baltic Seal Storm Collar and Muff, $6.50, $7.50 and $9.50 the set.
Blue Opossum Collar and Muff, $7.50 the set.
Moscow Beaver Collar and Muff, $9.50 the set.
Sable Collar and Muff, $12.50, $15 and 22 the set.
CAPES WITH STORM COLLARS
Oppossum, $15; Astrachan, $9.50, $12; Sable, $15, $22 and $35; Beaver, $20, $30, $35 and $40.
Muffs and Storm Collars in all the leading Furs from $1.25 up. We are selling a S. S. Seal Satchel Muff for $4.75
R. WALKER & SONS
33, 35 and 37 King St. East; 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street

THE FALL TRADE

Has opened up in great form at the EMPORIUM AROUND THE CORNER, which is the address of H. A. Collins, who has now the best assorted stock of Housefurnishings, in Stoves, Ranges, Silverware, Lamp Goods, Tinware and every other description of housekeeping goods and novelties in the city, and altogether "Around the Corner" is better known than any other establishment in the same line of business.

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6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West
OPP. GRAND OPERA HOUSE

THE BEAUTY OF VENUS
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The Berlin Chemical Co. - - - Berlin, Ont.

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Creme de Venus
will convince the most skeptical that
Freckles, Tan and other Skin Discolorations } CAN BE REMOVED
Price 50 Cents

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FASHIONABLE FURRIERS
Short Seal Jackets
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Yard Bathurst Street, opposite Front Street
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ONTARIO COAL CO.
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